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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

A sad week.

Richard W. Johnston, 66, who had been executive editor of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED when he retired in 1970, died of cancer Aug. 4 in Honolulu, where he had lived for the last decade. After a distinguished career as a war correspondent for United Press in the Pacific during World War II, Dick joined LIFE, where he met Sidney L. James, later our first managing editor. Dick followed Sid to the "new sports magazine" in 1953, a year before the first issue of SI appeared. For many years Dick was primarily responsible for supervising the magazine's editorial tone and quality, for locating and hiring writers and editors and for building up our inventory of free-lance articles.

Beyond such practical contributions to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editorial personality, Dick lent a flair, a flourish, an almost hedonistic approach to the always demanding and sometimes hectic job of putting a magazine together each week. A tall, impressive-looking man with a riverboat-gambler's mustache (in the days before facial hair was in), Dick liked life to be fun—and around him it usually was. At the same time he was intensely serious about the work itself, and he never relaxed his standards of what he felt good journalism should be. He was a professional of the highest caliber, and he had a significant influence on SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's development.



MORRIE WERNER 1907-1981



DICK JOHNSTON 1915-1981

Then, on Aug. 5, M.R. Werner died in New York at the age of 84. Morrie had been a writer and a journalist for more than 60 years, the last 20 as an associate editor of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, still coming into the office every day until just a few months before his death. Werner was the author of 16 books, among them biographies of P.T. Barnum, Brigham Young and William Jennings Bryan and a history of Tammany Hall. He had been a contributor to *The New Yorker* and a correspondent of the *Paris Herald Tribune* and England's *Yorkshire Post*. Most of his work for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED was related to our Scorecard section, although he occasionally wrote editorials and articles on travel and horse racing, his favorite sport.

Morrie will be vividly remembered for his colorful personality, his vigorous conversation, his outspoken opinions, his marvelous anecdotes, his extraordinary recall of the astonishing number of well-known people he had met during his long life. His monologues were impeccably grammatical, although spiced with lively and sometimes outrageous fulminations. Morrie was a delightful, unforgettable man.

Philip D. Hardest

Congratulations from AIADA and Sports Illustrated to these 1981 models of excellence

These high-performance "models" are not automobiles. They are 29 outstanding automobile dealers honored recently in Washington, D.C. by AIADA and Sports Illustrated as winners of the 1981 Imported Car "Dealers of Distinction" Awards.

They achieved that distinction for the high standards established in their business operations. And for the quality and quantity of their service to the industry and community. Nominations were initiated by National Dealer Council Organizations and



AIADA delegates. Final award selections were made by a panel that included past and present top officers of AIADA, manufacturers' representatives, members of consumer groups and the Northwood Institute faculty and Sports Illustrated's Imported Car Advertising Manager.

We're proud to present all 29 "models of excellence" and, through these awards, to continue to focus attention on the high calibre of automobile dealers like these all across America.

1981 Imported Car Dealers of Distinction Awards



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John B. Anderson
Crest Performance Auto Ltd.
Long Beach, California



Norman B. Buehler
Norm Buehler and Partners, Auto
New York, New York



W. R. (Bud) Boyd
Boyd Imports, Inc.
Charlotte, North Carolina



Nate B. Burt
Burt Imports
Englewood, Colorado



Gene Chavers
Chavers Import Motor Co.
Seattle, Washington



David H. Collins
Collins Motors, Inc.
Grand Rapids, Michigan



Alvin E. Gappner
Gappner Imports
Carmel, New York



Donald H. Gentry
Gentry Motors
Los Angeles, California



Leroy E. Giffman
Giffman Motors
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Robert H. Huber
Huber's Imports
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Kaufman Motors, Inc.
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McNamee Imports, Inc.
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O'Brien Imports, Inc.
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Peltz Imports, Inc.
New York, New York



Daniel P. Poles
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Pines Imports Corporation
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Rasmussen Imports
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Sideline

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

THE ART OF RETRIEVING GOLF BALLS, OR CUTTING COSTS OF HOOKS AND SLICES

I rate myself a mediocre golfer, though perhaps I'm too erratic to deserve even that adjective. While I can par the local course a couple of times a year, when things aren't going well, which is more than half the time, I whack shots to all the wrong places. To afford the game, I decided I would either have to improve considerably or discover an inexhaustible source of golf balls. As any golfer knows, it can take years to attain even modest skills, and I was afraid that if I began to experiment with my game, my hard-won mediocrity would degenerate to the utter hopelessness from which I started. So I settled for the second option, which proved to be a wise choice.

Finding golf balls is a minor art, and

I feel I've become proficient enough at it to pass along a few observations and experiences.

The 1st hole—usually a par 4 or 5—is one of the best places on any course to look for balls. Players who haven't fully warmed up will often slice their drives. If such a shot travels out of bounds or even into heavy rough, the average duffer will smile sheepishly, mutter brief excuses, try his best to forget what happened and begin again with a mulligan.

On any par-5 hole, I look for heavy rough 300 to 350 yards from the tee, on either side of the fairway. Players who hit poor drives and hope to make up yardage will very often swing too hard with fairway woods on their second shots, and low, whistling hooks and slices commonly result.

Behind the green on a short par 3 is always an excellent bet. A lot of inexperienced players overclub on such a hole, and finding balls 50 yards or so beyond

the green isn't at all unusual. Determining the fertile areas on any course is a fairly simple matter, and if you stroll through them between shots, you'll usually find at least enough balls to cover your own losses.

In order to maintain a surplus of balls, I make a few trips a year to the local course on winter mornings. Cold weather kills the plants and algae in ponds, and this clear water makes it possible to collect—with the help of chest waders and a six-foot pole with a net at the end—as many as 100 balls in an hour. Water hazards are loaded with balls, and unless you're faced with a lake or an ocean, there is a way to salvage some of them.

I consider myself a conservationist, not a cheater of sporting-goods companies, and I still buy new balls occasionally. Swinging at a ball that has never been hit is a pleasure. And finding balls is fun, so even my own disastrous shots are opportunities.

END

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

SHOWDOWN

The NCAA, the ranking authority in college sports, may be coming apart at the seams. It has been openly challenged by the 4-year-old College Football Association, a splinter group of 61 major football schools that includes all the top teams in the country except those in the Pac-10 and the Big Ten.

The CFA has long expressed discontent with the NCAA's football TV policy, feeling that a disproportionate share of revenues has been spread among all NCAA schools (even those without football programs), that all schools should have equal votes in football TV matters, and that the big football schools should be allowed to negotiate their own television deals (which will be increasingly valuable with cable TV growing so rapidly).

So last week the CFA defied the NCAA and signed a four-year, \$180-million TV deal with NBC, one that will pay the NCAA 8% off the top for administrative costs and so on, but which gives control of televised football to the CFA member schools, promises more TV appearances and guarantees each team at least \$1 million in revenue. The CFA action could cause the cancellation of a four-year, \$263.5 million contract the NCAA had agreed to two weeks earlier with ABC and CBS, which promises those networks exclusivity.

CFA members seem certain to ratify their new contract when they vote on it Aug. 21, even though the NCAA has warned that it may suspend, or even expel, any college that appears on football telecasts other than those it approved. The suspension or expulsion would cover all sports at the schools being penalized, not just football. If that happens, the NCAA championships would be watered down, and the NCAA would no longer be the dominant force in college athletics.

In short, the NCAA seems to be facing one of the greatest crises of its 75-year existence.

THIN EDGE OF THE WEDGE

Is baseball's split season fair or unfair, a truism or just common sense? Bob Verda of the *Chicago Tribune* says, "If ever a baseball season begged for a semblance of normalcy, it is this one. Baseball cannot handle another jolt to its time-tested ways." Calvin Griffith, owner of the lowly Minnesota Twins, counters, "Without a split season we might as well not have opened our gates." But Steve Jacobson of *Newsday* asks, "Is anybody going to be fooled into thinking the teams that were boring before the strike are going to be entertaining after it?"

Critics came down particularly hard on the proviso that if the same team wins both halves of the split season, it won't get a bye into the pennant playoffs. First it must meet the team with the second-best record overall in a best-three-out-of-five playoff. But suppose the Orioles, who finished second to the Yankees by two games in the first half, finish a close third in the second half behind Boston and New York. The Yankees trail the Red Sox by a few percentage points going into their last game of the season, which is against Baltimore. If the O's beat the Yanks, Boston wins the second half and meets New York in the playoff. If the O's lose to the Yankees, the Yanks win the second half, too, and meet the team with the second-best record overall in the playoffs—the Orioles. The loser wins. A bad situation.

Think for a moment, too, about the real significance of the split season and a revealing remark made by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, baseball's chief of marketing. Kuhn, his eye ever on the TV dollar, said that normally he would be against a split season but added, "Of course, if there were tremendous enthusiasm after this year, you would have to take a new look at the factors next year."

"Factors" is Bowie-ese for ratings—in this case, how well the super-man eight-team playoffs will do on TV before the regular four-team playoffs before the old-fashioned two-team World Series,

not counting the odd tie that may have to be played off before the super-mans begin. There are people in baseball who yearn for endless playoffs, à la football, basketball and hockey, and the commissioner aches from the same rash. The split-season gambit gives him a chance to scratch it. That is, test it.

And if tests are good—if TV likes the super-mans—watch how fast baseball splits each league into three divisions and deals itself that old wild card.

HERE'S BUD IN YOUR EYE

Anheuser-Busch, Inc. and the Miller Brewing Co., the nation's two largest brewers, have taken turns lately upstaging a smaller producer, Stroh Brewery.



Co. First there was the Stroh's slo-pitch softball Tournament of Champions near Atlanta, which the Detroit brewery sponsored only to have a team backed by Miller come up the winner. Then there was the Stroh's Silver Cup hydroplane race in Detroit. The victor in that one was *Miles Bushweiser*.

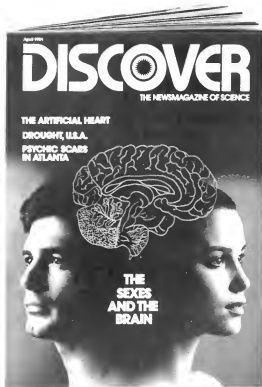
Stroh's may find comfort in the knowledge that Anheuser-Busch and Miller Brewing also sometimes upstage each other. Two of their lesser-known promotional involvements became hopelessly entangled this summer when Busch of St. Louis, a team sponsored by Anheuser-Busch, defeated Bayern of Philadelphia 3-2 for the U.S. Soccer Federation Senior Men's amateur title in Philadelphia, thereby winning a trophy presented by

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

one of Miller's brands, Löwenbräu. Manager Bob Brunette proceeded to celebrate his team's victory in a manner calculated to make both companies slightly uncomfortable. He guzzled Budweiser from the Löwenbräu Cup.

BLUE JAY BLUES

Along with all their other problems, the Toronto Blue Jays—baseball's worst team in Part I of this season—have to wrestle with foreign exchange. When Toronto joined the American League in 1977, the Canadian and U.S. dollars were about equal in value, but since then Canada's has slumped to about 80¢ against the U.S. dollar. The Blue Jays are obliged to pay their players, none of whom are Canadians, in U.S. money, but about 85% of their revenue is Canadian. This means the Jays have to pay a \$100,000 ballplayer the equivalent of \$125,000 in Canadian money. Because spring-training, scouting and farm-system costs, as well as travel expenses on road trips to the other 13 teams in the league (all of which are in the U.S.), must also be paid in American money, the Jays in effect are continually being socked with a 25% surcharge.

"It's a factor in doing business," says Toronto President Peter Bavasi, "and we had provided for it." Still upper lip, Bavasi, but the Jays need to draw 25% more than an equivalent U.S.-based team just to stay even. Now, with more than a third of the season shot,...

STRIKE BENEFIT

Although no one knows yet whether major league players will suffer a loss of form because of their long layoff, first returns indicate otherwise. American League player-representative Doug DeCinces and his National League counterpart, Bob Boone, were too involved in negotiations to keep their batting strokes honed, but when the Orioles and Phillies met in an exhibition game last week, DeCinces got the game's first hit and Boone knocked in the winning run.

TRIAL BY JURY

If you were wondering why the jury seemed so hopelessly confused last week during the Al Davis-Pete Rozelle trial (at one point, after eight days of deliberations, the jury foreman [a woman] reported that so far they had discussed only one of the three key issues), read part of

continued

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SCORECARD (continued)

Judge Harry Pregerson's clarification of his original 52 pages of instructions to the jurors:

"As you remember from the instructions I read to you last week and on Tuesday, plaintiffs must persuade you that every essential element of their claims is more probably true than false. This simply means that each of you must be convinced or satisfied that a certain situation is more likely true than false. When you stop to think about it, all of us in our daily lives are faced with decisions that require us to consider probabilities. Let's say you want to catch a park-and-ride bus that will get you downtown by 8:00 a.m. You know that the distance to downtown from the terminal is 30 miles. You know that it's summertime and traffic is somewhat lighter because people are on vacation. You know that the weather is clear and dry. So you would figure that it is more probable than not that you'll make it downtown by 8:00 a.m. On the other hand, if it is raining, and if, as you leave, you hear the radio newscaster announce a sig alert on the freeway, you would decide that it is more likely or more probable that you won't make it on time. This is the same mental process a person goes through in deciding whether, based on the evidence presented in court, some fact or situation is more likely true than false. It is a matter of coming to a decision based on probabilities. If it's more probably true that something happened than that it did not happen, you would find that it happened by a preponderance of the evidence—even if in your mind the probabilities or odds of it happening are 51% yes, 49% no. If, on the other hand, the probabilities are 51% no and 49% yes of something happening—or even 50–50—then you could not conclude that the situation in question happened by a preponderance of the evidence."

All clear? Next case.

ONE-WOMAN PAGE

It was a singular achievement when North Carolina State distance runner Julie Shea was named the AIAW's top athlete for 1979-80. After all, the three previous winners of the award, Delta State's Lusia Harris, UCLA's Ann Meyers and Old Dominion's Nancy Lieberman, were all basketball players. In winning the Broderick Cup as a junior, Shea was honored for finishing first in 16 races, including AIAW championships in cross-coun-

try and 3,000, 5,000 and 10,000 meters.

In 1980 Shea became the first woman to win the McKelvin award, bestowed annually on the Atlantic Coast Conference's outstanding athlete. "Who has won more races this year than Renaldo Nehemiah, Genuine Risk and Richard Petty combined?" North Carolina State's sports information office teased in its campaign for Shea, who proceeded to finish ahead of two basketball players, Maryland's Albert King and Duke's Mike Gminski, in the balloting by the predominantly male Atlantic Coast Sports Writers Association. Then came 1980-81, during which Shea repeated as AIAW cross-country champion, won the 5,000 for the third straight year and placed fourth among women runners in the Boston Marathon. Only two other athletes—basketball players David Thompson of North Carolina State in '73 and '75 and Phil Ford of North Carolina in '77 and '78—had ever won the McKelvin award more than once. This year Shea became the third, this time beating out North Carolina Linebacker Lawrence Taylor and Virginia basketball star Ralph Sampson. As she had the year before, Shea said she was "stunned" at outpitting rivals she refers to, chummily, as "the guys."

BENCH, PRESSED

Here's a letter sent recently to the Cincinnati Reds' Johnny Bench:

Dear Mr. Bench,

My name is David Greenbaum. I am 10 years old. I am writing to you because you are my favorite player since I was born. I am also writing to you for a very big favor. The favor is that on December 4, 1983 I am having my Bar-Mitzvah. A Bar-Mitzvah is a big party for Jews on their 13th birthday. I would love if you could come. Since you are not Jewish and don't know Hebrew you could stay out of the synagogue if you want.

David Greenbaum

P.S. Please give me your autograph.

THEY SAID IT

• Lee Corso, Indiana football coach, explaining why USC was on the Hoovers' schedule this year. "When I took this job I promised our fans I'd show them a Rose Bowl team."

• Brian Oldfield, U.S. shotputter, asked if he were afraid of his impressive European opponents: "Nah, we don't throw the shot at each other, do we?" **END**

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OFF WITH A BLAST

Big league baseball came back with a barrage of homers as the National League won its 10th straight All-Star Game

by **STEVE WULF**

Major league baseball and the city of Cleveland put on a happy face Sunday night for the 52nd All-Star Game—one hopes, the last Mid-Summer Classic to be held in late summer. The National League, of course, won—its 5-4 victory now makes it 10 in a row and 18 of 19. Montreal Catcher Gary Carter hit two home runs, and Philadelphia Third Baseman Mike Schmidt had a game-winning two-run blast, but the real star of the game was Everyfan.

A record All-Star crowd of 72,086, which was almost as many people as attended the exhibition football game between the Cleveland Browns and Pittsburgh Steelers the night before, welcomed baseball back with a symbolic kiss bestowed on Indian Pitcher Len Barker by that renowned dancer Morganna. The fans were courted with parachutists, a band, a color guard, Bob Hope, Vice-President George Bush and an American flag that covered almost as much ground as Dusty Baker. When local favorite Rocco Scotti, whose voice can make grown dogs weep, reached "bombs bursting in air" in the national anthem, fireworks lighted up the sky. Baseball and Cleveland were obviously taking no chances.

The players staged their own pyrotechnics. Ken Singleton of Baltimore homered off Cincinnati's Tom Seaver in the second inning to give the AL a 1-0 lead. If the barons of baseball wanted to be consistent, they would have declared the American League the winner of the first three in-

continued

Catcher Carter and the rest of the National League were up in arms after Parker's sixth-inning home run off Morris put them ahead 2-1







Baker made the defensive play of the game in the sixth, his sprawling catch between Andre Dawson and Smith robbing Oliver and saving possibly two runs.

THE ALL-STAR GAME *continued*

nings, canceled the next three and played the last three, with the winner of the first three playing the winner of the last three, unless. . . . But the NL homered four times in four innings to come from behind, as it had the three previous years.

This was a big sports weekend in Cleveland, what with the football game, the American Bridge Association convention and the Roberto Duran-Nino Gonzalez fight. Like baseball and Duran, Cleveland is trying to make a comeback, so it was quite happy to get the All-Star Game, even if it was a month late. Mayor George Voinovich proudly quoted the philosopher Joe Garagiola: "It takes a good city to field a good hop, but it takes a great city to field a bad hop."

Like Duran, baseball was trying to make the public forget that it had walked out. The All-Star party was revived to put what Commissioner Bowie Kuhn calls The Great Dispute behind us, and lo and behold, it worked. The media settled down to the burning question of whether the pitchers are ahead of the hitters. The fans bought a record number of tickets and the players were genuinely thrilled to be in Cleveland. Seattle Outfielder Tom Paciorek said, "If the air traffic controllers' strike had kept me from

flying here, I would've walked." Gushed San Diego Catcher Terry Kennedy, "I can't believe I'm here with the elite of baseball." Pittsburgh Outfielder Mike Easler took home movies of the commissioner's pregame luncheon. Even though he couldn't pitch, Yankee Reliever Rich Gossage made the trip anyway. If nothing else, the luster of the All-Star Game was maintained.

The real heroes, the fans, took over the night fairly early, lustily booing the NL lineup, grandly cheering the AL and giving standing O's to the Indians. Manager Dave Garcia, Catcher Bo Diaz and Barker, who would have been the starting pitcher had Kansas City Manager Jim Frey had a better sense of public relations. Instead he went with Detroit's Jack Morris, while Philadelphia Manager Dallas Green, who had a better feel for the dramatic, went with L.A.'s Fernando Valenzuela. Morris pitched two scoreless innings, although he did give up a lead-off single to Philadelphia First Baseman Pete Rose, who was starting at a record fifth different position. Barker followed with two perfect innings to the chants of "Len-ny, Len-ny." After that, though, the AL staff started serving up batting-practice pitches.

Carter homered off California's Ken Forsch to make the score 1-1 in the fifth,

and Dave Parker of Pittsburgh crushed a pitch by Oakland's Mike Norris in the sixth to give the NL a 2-1 lead. The AL came back in the bottom of the inning with three runs off Los Angeles' Burt Hooton on five singles. There would have been more had Baker not robbed Texas' Al Oliver with a sprawling catch in the muck of leftfield. The Municipal Stadium ground crew deserves some sort of hand for turning a soggy football field into a soggy baseball field overnight.

The AL had a 4-2 lead, but in playing for the big inning, Frey depleted most of his bench. He had planned for California's Fred Lynn to play center in the seventh, but Lynn hurt his knee breaking up a play at second base, and Frey had to put Oakland's Tony Armas in the outfield.

In the seventh inning Carter, who was chosen the game's MVP, hit the first pitch from the Yankees' Ron Davis over the centerfield fence to bring the National Leaguers one run closer. In the eighth, Milwaukee's Rollie Fingers came in to protect the lead, but as he later said, "I should have stayed in my hotel room." He walked San Diego's Ozzie Smith to start the inning. Smith stole second, but was caught in a rundown trying to go to third as Fingers made the tag and took a pratfall. "I thought I deserved a 9.5 for

that dive," he said. Then Fingers walked Easler and fed Schmidt a fastball that landed on the other side of the center-field fence to give the NL a 5-4 lead. Fingers gave up another hit and made a bad pickoff throw before sheepishly handing the ball to Frey. Toronto's Dave Stieb got the AL out of the inning.

Houston's Nolan Ryan set the AL down in order in the eighth. In the ninth Green went with Bruce Sutter, who had two wins and a save in the last three All-Star Games. Although he has since moved from the Cubs to the Cards, nothing has really changed. As if that weren't enough bad news for the AL, Frey had run out of hitters, even though the roster had been expanded to 30. This meant that Stieb had to hit for himself with one out in the ninth. Stieb hadn't swung a bat regularly since 1978, when he was a pitcher-outfielder in the Florida State League, but he was the best hope of the league that doesn't let its pitchers hit. "I borrowed Rick Burleson's bat, Buddy Bell's gloves and Tom Paciorek's helmet," Stieb said afterward. "I should've borrowed somebody else's stroke." He waved at one split-fingered fastball, fouled another down the third-

base line and whiffed on the third. "I was proud of that foul ball," he said. "If I had gotten a hit, I would have fainted on the way to first."

Although Frey deserved blame for short-sheeting his lineup, he was caught in a bind when Lynn left the game in the sixth without, Frey said, telling him. "I had to go up to the clubhouse to find him," said Frey. Lynn was having his knee treated. In the meantime, Dave Winfield of the Yankees stood forlornly between left and center, wondering where he was supposed to play.

All of Frey's maneuvering did help to set the record for most players in an All-Star Game: 56. Said the player who broke the old record of 54, the Pirates' Phil Garner, "I hold records very dear, and I'm just ecstatic. Before the game, Dallas and I had talked about setting the record, and we sort of agreed that I would be the 55th."

The players thought well of themselves and the fans. "I thought both teams played with a lot of dignity," said Carter. "I apologize for my fielding," said Schmidt, who made one error, "but all things considered, I think it was a pretty good All-Star Game." Said Garner, "I

thought the crowd was great. I just couldn't figure out what those whistles were."

Those whistles, which were blown after the ceremonial first pitch from Vice-President Bush, a former Yale baseball captain, and after the first pitch of every half inning, were the fans' way of saying, "Don't take us for granted." Paul Meagher, a Washington, D.C. bartender (old-fashioned is his specialty), is the founder of a group called the American Baseball Fans Association, and before the game he and his inappropriately named assistant, Denise Morose, distributed—gratis—10,000 designer whistles. Accompanying each whistle was a card, one side of which was a membership application, the other side of which said things like BLOW THE WHISTLE ON THE OWNERS AND PLAYERS FOR INTERRUPTING THE SUMMER GAME. Meagher's disciples did a good job of making themselves heard.

Still, most fans were more grateful than hateful. Matt Zych, who came all the way from Missouri with six other Royal fans, said, "We're so hungry for baseball." Sunday night in Cleveland, fans from A to Zych had a heck of an appetizer.

END

Fingers gave himself a 9.5 for his diving tag of Smith in the eighth inning, but he walked the next batter and then allowed Schmidt's game-winning homer.



BACK, BUT STILL A LONG WAY TO GO

Returning to the ring for the first time since disgracing himself in New Orleans, Roberto Duran narrowly defeated young Nino Gonzalez by WILLIAM NACK

Roberto Duran, cut slightly near his left eye and with a bruise under the right eye, stepped out of the ring at Cleveland Public Auditorium late Sunday afternoon and stopped for a moment, looking down at the crowd, before he descended the stairs. A chant went up: "¡Cholo! ¡Cholo! ¡Cholo!" It is the nickname by which Duran is known in his native Panama. He smiled and raised his arms in salutation and triumph.

It had been a long time since Duran had heard cries of adulation at a prizefight. It had been more than a year, in fact, since he took the welterweight title from Sugar Ray Leonard in Montreal and bounded about the ring as hundreds of Panamanian flags waved. Duran heard only boos and howls, of course, when, in the eighth round of his rematch against Leonard in New Orleans last Nov. 25, he astonished every witness—except, apparently, himself—by turning his back on Leonard and declaring, "No más, no más. No more box." But now he was back, in his first fight since then. As he left the ring in Cleveland to a standing O, he heard what he had come to hear.

"And now Leonard," someone shouted to him outside his dressing room.

"Yes, Leonard," Duran said.

Fighting as a junior middleweight he had just won a unanimous 10-round decision over Mike (Nino) Gonzalez, ranked 10th by the WBC, and the superficial wounds about Duran's face showed that he had had to work for the victory. Referee Jack Knoch scored the bout 48-44, and judges Ed Maguire and Vito Mazzeo had it 47-43 and 48-45, respectively. It was, unmistakably, one heck of a fight, far more competitive than many had reckoned it would be.

Duran started slowly, and Gonzalez got the better of the early exchanges. But Duran took over in the third round, as if finding the rhythms of his opponent, and won the middle rounds with hard shots to the body and an overhand right that

puffed up the left side of Gonzalez's face. As he had in the first Leonard fight, Duran often bowled his opponent into the ropes, working the body as he drove him back. Whenever Gonzalez scored sharply, Duran merely smiled. The crowd favored Gonzalez, chanting "Nino! Nino!" when he connected, but in the end Duran's strength and ring savvy saved him from permanent retirement.

Afterward, Gonzalez said he thought he had won. He had indeed fought well, taking Duran's best shots and delivering many stinging blows of his own. Duran, too, did extremely well, considering his long layoff. "I was happy with the way I fought," he said, "but I haven't been

fighting for nine months. I have to take my time. I could not pressure him too much."

That Duran pressured him at all came as a surprise to many. Shortly after the second Leonard fight, Duran announced that he was through fighting. Returning to Panama, he took into retirement one of the greatest records in ring history—72 wins in 74 fights, 55 by knockout—and one of the most baffling and ignominious defeats.

Exactly why he quit became the subject of endless speculation. Leonard was winning the fight. In the seventh round he had made a fool of Duran, dancing around him and mocking him, sticking



Now a junior middleweight, Duran lacked his old fire against Gonzalez, but burred to meet Leonard

out his chin and daring him to hit it. Many who saw the fight believe that Duran resigned his title because he couldn't handle Leonard and deal with such humiliation. There also was speculation that Duran was on drugs and that he went into the tank. He denies all that.

Duran had had difficulty making the weight, and on the day of the fight, following the weigh-in, he ate and drank prodigiously. Carlos Eleta, Duran's manager, now says that Duran had been taking diuretics to eliminate water, and the fighter's physician, Dr. Alfredo Molto, says the drugs could have caused an imbalance of minerals in the system, ultimately causing stomach cramps. "I was about to faint," Duran says. "The pain was so intense it bothered my breathing. I was weak. I was not worried about Leonard. I was fighting pain. All these things happened to me in that ring."

Whatever moved Duran to quit, that performance has haunted him. Luis Hen-

riquez, Duran's interpreter and longtime friend, says that for weeks afterward Duran kept to himself. He spent hours watching Charlie Chaplin movies on his cassette machine, playing in his swimming pool with his children, playing with his gelded lion, Walta, and reading what people were saying about him.

"The only thing they didn't call me was a *maricón* [homosexual]," Duran says. "The most common cry was 'Vende patria' [you sold out your country]," says Henriquez. "He was embarrassed. He's still embarrassed, still hurt."

With all that leisure time Duran ate a lot. By early last spring he had ballooned to 185 pounds—about 40 pounds more than he weighed in New Orleans—and he looked moonfaced on television in May. By then, after several calls from promoter Don King, Duran had decided to seek redemption as a junior middleweight. After all, Leonard was nearing a title in that division. Duran knew that the

best way to regain the respect he had lost was to get into the ring again with Leonard. A yearning to do so, he says, became his central passion and motivated him to shed the excess weight and come back. He flew to New York on May 9, ensconcing himself, as usual, at the Mayflower Hotel. He ran in Central Park and worked out at Gleason's Gym. And waited. Finally, in early July, King signed him to fight Gonzalez.

Until Sunday, Gonzalez, 22, had never met a highly ranked boxer, but he had won 24 of 25 fights, 13 by knockout. By reputation he was a determined and an improving fighter, a young roughneck with a good punch and a resilient chin. He was born and raised in Bayonne, N.J., across the Hudson from New York City. The son of a warehouse forklift driver, he was something of a ruffian

in the schoolyards and streets. When Gonzalez was 13, a judge asked him to please take his penchant for street fighting into a Bayonne gym. He did. Gonzalez won 46 of 52 amateur fights before turning pro on May 2, 1978.

Gonzalez worshipped Duran for years. In fact, he sparred with him before Leonard-Duran I, but says he left the fan club for this fight. "Duran will be mine," he said a couple of days beforehand. "I will go in there with a little fear because he is a former champion. But when we touch gloves, it will go away. People are going to find out who this Gonzalez is. I'm going to retire Duran."

A year ago, after Duran had taken the welterweight title from Leonard, the mere mention of a Duran-Gonzalez match would have drawn howls of derision from the press. But the fight in New Orleans gave rise to suspicions that the 30-year-old Duran had finally had it.

"You have to get used to the good and the bad," he said last week. "This part I am going through is the bad. But you have to live with it. Eventually everything will come my way. I want a rematch with Leonard. I will beat Leonard. When he signs that contract to fight me, you will see a different Duran."

Some differences in his life were apparent before the Cleveland fight. His usual massive entourage of some 40 followers, many of whom had been disruptive influences, had been reduced to about 10. Among the missing, however, were his two American trainers, Freddie Brown and Ray Arcel. Eleta called Arcel and asked him to come back, but Arcel had announced his retirement after the New Orleans fiasco and he politely declined. "When your work isn't fun anymore," Arcel said, "it's time to call a halt to it. I put 63 years into this business, nine with Duran." He said he wished his former fighter well, and then added, "If the incentive is there, Duran could box another year or two. But he's a big question now. Every day he's a different person."

On Sunday, at least, he was enough of the old Duran to suggest that perhaps he can summon himself back once more. Whether he can still generate the fury and fire that carried him against Leonard in Montreal no one can say for sure. Not even Duran really knows. All he knows is what he wants. "Yes, Leonard," he says.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MURRAY MILLAN



WHEN A COUNTRY HORSE TROTS A CITY COURSE

The two horses came pounding down the last 80 yards, sulky-to-sulky, nostrils flaring and blowing visible plumes of breath down toward the muddy track, hoofs digging out clots of mud and flicking them to the rear. The drivers rocked hard in their sulkies—one a Hall of Famer used to exceptional horses and big-time purses, the other a race driver trying, perhaps, to shoot out too many lights. The crowd noise swelled as the horses strained for one last surge.

And so it was in the final moments last Saturday afternoon as the Hambletonian, harness racing's premier event, made its debut at the Meadowlands in New Jersey. The two trotters, Super Juan and Shiaway St. Pat—along with Olaf, who was out of contention by now—were racing for a third time that day and were just about empty. Harness racing might be struggling elsewhere, but the Meadowlands' executives had strewn money like straw to put on a showcase event. And now, for sure, they had it.

A spirited debate had preceded the race—over the pluses and minuses of

Shiaway went thataway to take the 56th Hambletonian by MIKE DELINAGRO

even holding it at the Meadowlands, a concrete-and-glass megacomplex to which the Hambletonian had been moved after 24 years on the bucolic fairgrounds of DuQuoin, Ill. The Meadowlands track in East Rutherford, N.J. is less than five miles from Times Square. Meadows the track hasn't got, but it does have 500 pari-mutuel windows, a grandstand capacity of 40,000 and proximity to some 14 million people and the Big Apple's big-time media.

"I used to think the Meadowlands ought to start up its own big trot," said Bill Hayes, whose family owned the DuQuoin fairgrounds until 1979. By selling it to an Iraqi he gave the Hambletonian Society a convenient excuse to move the race. "But the Hambo's far better off here," he continued. "It'll get more attention; it might thrive."

If so, you couldn't judge by Saturday's attendance. It rained all morning and only 20,677 showed up. That's a smaller crowd than the Meadowlands drew for its regular racing card the night before. Still, about 110 newspapermen covered the race, and ABC televised it to an estimated 15 million spectators.

A record field of 24, split into two divisions, started the Hambo, perhaps because the Meadowlands had boosted the purse from last year's \$293,570 to \$838,000. Sad Hall of Fame Driver Delvin Miller as he scanned the entries on Friday, "It looks like everybody who can walk is in this thing."

Horsemen entered all sorts of long shots. One was Olaf, who has had sore knees, among other complaints. Another was Santa Ana, a 43-to-1 shot who didn't stay on gait in six of his previous seven races. Santa Ana is owned by Bill Hayes, who admits he bought him in 1979 for \$86,000 with designs on the 1981 Hambo.



Santa Ana's past performances didn't discourage Hayes. "What the heck," he said, "you're only eligible once. And if Santa stays flat, he's got a ton of trot."

Although no clear-cut preface favorite had emerged, there were five or six serious contenders, including Super Juan, a small but game colt driven by Hall of Famer Howard Beissinger, winner of the Hambletonian in 1969, '71 and '78. A week before, Super Juan won a prep race in 1:57, the fastest time of the year for a 3-year-old trotter.

To win the Hambletonian a horse must come in first in two heats over the mile track. The first five finishers in each division would qualify for another heat. If that didn't produce a two-heat winner, there would be a race-off among the three single-heat winners. In the first division, a surprising Olaf sped to the lead, trotting a half mile in a quick 1:00 flat, and was never seriously challenged as he cruised home in a slow 2:03. Super Juan broke stride early, but recovered to finish fourth and qualify for the next heat. Olaf, winless in four official 1981 races,

was driven by Carl Allen, a part owner of the colt who, like Beissinger, races mainly on the prestigious Grand Circuit.

In the second division, Shiaway St. Pat broke wide from the seven hole, took the lead, opened up a six-length gap turning for home and won by 1½ lengths over Banker Barker, the 6-to-5 favorite. It was only the second start for Shiaway in a Grand Circuit stakes this year against top 3-year-old trotters.

Shiaway, a gelding, was bred and is owned by Robert, Wilbur and Ronald Huff of Durand, Mich., whose 431-acre Shiawassee Farm is strictly a family operation. Last year Shiaway raced exclusively in Michigan, on a fair circuit that included such wayside tracks as Kinross, Hillsdale, Allegan and Fowlerville. Shiaway showed astonishing speed as a 2-year-old, but he also broke stride "two or three times a race," says Bob Huff. However, he so outclassed the competition, he'd occasionally win anyway. In March Bob Huff shipped Shiaway to New Jersey to prep for the Hambo. On the recommendation of a friend, he hired Ray Remmen to train and drive him.

Remmen, 34, operates a public stable. Last year it won more races and more money than any other stable at the Meadowlands, and this year it's tops among the money-winners again. Nonetheless, as Remmen says, "Guys like me aren't entrusted with top, high-priced 2-year-olds. Just having a contender in the Hambo is quite a thrill."

When Shiaway arrived in New Jersey, Remmen and his brother Larry, also a trainer, met the truck. "I thought it was a joke," Remmen says now. "He was a bag of bones, head drooping down and he walked like somebody had stuck something up inside him. Me and Larry laughed. 'So this is our Hambo horse.'"

But Shiaway impressed Remmen with his amazing speed. To calm the gelding and prevent him from breaking stride, Remmen made Shiaway a pair of earplugs. Then he made a discovery: Shiaway hates to be rushed. "We found if you take him easy at the start, he'd hold his trot. And by letting it out gradually, he had plenty to show." In June, Shiaway finished a fast-closing third in the



Shiaway and Remmen went three tough miles

Matron Stakes at Detroit Race Course to a trotter named Mo Bandy. A week later at the rich Yonkers Trot, Mo Bandy won and established himself as a Hambletonian contender. "I thought then and there that if Mo Bandy was good enough to win a Hambo, our chances were even better," Remmen says.

In the 10-horse third mile of the Hambletonian, Shiaway again zoomed to the front and straightened for home with the lead. But Super Juan was lying just off the pace and Beissinger pulled him out and caught Shiaway in the final strides to win by a head. Olaf broke stride at the start, and finished dead last.

After resting for 71 minutes, Olaf, Super Juan and Shiaway came back for the race-off. The starting gate pulled away and, once again, Olaf went off stride. Super Juan took the lead, Shiaway tucking in right behind. Up the backstretch, Allen got Olaf back on gait and the colt caught the pacesetters at the half-mile mark, briefly taking the lead. But that was all Olaf had left. Around the last turn Super Juan regained the lead—but here came Shiaway, moving alongside, a neck behind. An eighth of a mile from home, it was Super Juan by a head. Then it was a nose. He fought bravely but couldn't quite hang on. At the wire, it was Shiaway by a neck.

Remmen, his wife, two daughters and about 40 Meadowlands drivers and friends whooped it up later at a local bar. And why not? Country horse and big-city driver made a fine combination. **END**



At the top of the sloppy stretch in a crowded first heat, Shiaway St. Pat holds a six-length lead.

THE NEW REDSKINS GET A RUNNING START

Rookie Coach Joe Gibbs won't lack for an offense if John Riggins, Terry Metcalf and Joe Washington do their things

by JACK MCCALLUM

The sweeping new look in Washington isn't confined to Pennsylvania Avenue and Capitol Hill. Out at RFK Stadium last Friday night, the Washington Redskins, a team that neglected to swing into the '80s last year, showed off their face-lift during a 16-10 win over the Kansas City Chiefs.

Gone was Jack Pardee, the head coach

from the George Allen School of Defense, whose idea of a wide-open game was a dazzling 3-2 win. Gone, too, were all those senior citizens left over from the Allen era.

Wearing the head coach's headset on the sidelines was 40-year-old Joe Gibbs, a peppercorn who orchestrated the pass-happy, point-a-minute, bombs-away offenses for Don Coryell in both St. Louis and San Diego. And wearing Redskin uniforms and lining up in the backfield behind

Riggins returned from his "retirement" in top condition—and awaits a \$300,000 decision

Quarterback Joe Theismann at various times were three household names whose minds and hearts and talents were far removed from the nation's capital a year ago: John Riggins, Terry Metcalf and Joe Washington.

Riggins and Metcalf, of course, weren't even in NFL uniforms in 1980. Metcalf became the first genuine NFL star to jump to Canada for big bucks, bolting from St. Louis to Toronto in 1978 and playing for the Argonauts the past three seasons. Riggins held out last summer,





demanding that his annual salary be raised from \$300,000 to \$500,000, until the Redskins eventually put him on the NFL's "left camp—retired" list. That move kept Riggins the property of the Redskins and also removed their obligation to pay his salary. Riggins doesn't believe that the club had the right to put him in mothballs and he is fighting the Redskins off the field even as he carries the ball for them on it. The disposition of his case will be determined by binding arbitration.

Many NFL teams wouldn't have touched Riggins and Metcalf, but the Redskins opened their arms to them. The team needs Riggins and Metcalf because both have just what is needed to play running back in Gibbs' sophisticated offense—experience and pass-catching ability. So does Washington, who was in the NFL in 1980, 35 miles up the road in Baltimore, but not on the field as often as he would have liked. Washington lost his job to rookie Curtis Dickey midway through last season, and the Redskins were able to get him for a second-round draft choice.

Riggins, who played out his option with the Jets in 1975 and came to Washington when the Redskins won his ser-

Metcalf jumped from St. Louis to Toronto for big bucks but couldn't make a loser a winner.

vices with a five-year, \$1.5 million contract, has always been a formidable, if unpredictable, talent. In his nine-year career he has rushed for 6,822 yards, ninth on the NFL's all-time rushing list. In his last full season with the Redskins, 1979, he ran for 1,153 yards and led Washington to a 10-6 record. But his accomplishments on the field have often been overshadowed by his oddball behavior off it. As a Jet, he once sported a Mohawk haircut. On one occasion he showed up for practice with his toenails painted green. Asked, on the day the Jets picked him in the first round of the 1971 draft, to describe his biggest thrill in sports, Riggins replied, "Seeing my neighbor's pigs being born."

Since rejoining the Redskins, "quiet" has been the word for Riggins, who gained 17 yards in six carries, all in the first half, in the win over the Chiefs. He has said nothing to the press since his brusque statement in June about the reasons for his return: "I'm bored, I'm broke, I'm back." Walking around the locker



rooms after Friday night's game, in underwears and cowboy boots, he warded off reporters with a friendly "How are you? I have no comment." He has said he's not angry at anyone, but doesn't want to discuss the inevitable subject of last season until after his arbitration case is settled.

There is no doubt about the first "b"—Riggins simply got bored tending to his 160-acre farm in Centralia, Kans. while the Redskins slid to a 6-10 season and a third-place finish in the NFC's Eastern Division. Broke he's probably not, though the loss of the \$300,000 he's trying to reclaim through arbitration had to hurt. Back? Apparently so, but...

"We had to let bygones be bygones,"

continued

says General Manager Bobby Beathard, who, unlike Gibbs, was around in 1980 when the Riggins-Redskin feud was front-page news. "We just have to hope he doesn't get some of the same ideas back in his head again. Hopefully, he's sincere about his return."

The cynical view is that the 32-year-old Riggins returned only to impress arbitrator (not one of those again) Bert Lusk, who is expected to rule on the case in October. (As befits our Age of Litigation, the last of five hearings on the case ended on Friday afternoon just hours before Riggins had to put on the pads.) If Riggins wins, he will be paid his \$300,000 for 1980 and this season will be considered his option year. If he loses, he's out the \$300,000 for 1980 and has this season on his contract plus an option year in 1982. One has to wonder how Riggins will feel about the Redskins if he loses.

Publicly, at least, the Washington management is ignoring the cynical view. So, apparently, are the Washington fans, 32,488 of

whom cheered Riggins when he was announced as the starter Friday night and cheered him again when he gained two yards on his first carry in 20 months. Most of them never expected to see Riggins in a Redskin uniform again. Neither did old teammates. He did show up in St. Louis for the Redskins' final game of the 1980 season but kept in touch with few of his teammates. "No, I didn't talk to him, because I was mad at him," says Theismann, faking a pout. "The offense had been built around him and me, and when he wasn't there, it just put that much more pressure on me."

When Gibbs was hired in January, he made Riggins a top priority—either get him back or trade him. On his way from the NFL meetings in Hawaii in March, Gibbs made an unannounced stop in Kansas. Riggins was not home the first day, but Gibbs caught him the following day and they talked for a couple of hours. "I told him, 'Don't come back here unless you're 100% sure you want to be a Redskin,'" says Gibbs.

"There are four teams interested in you [sources say they were San Diego, Miami, Houston and New Orleans] and we only want you to be happy." At no time did John show any interest in going anywhere else."

Riggins eventually did appear in Washington for the Redskins' final minicamp on June 11. "He showed he was in great physical shape," says Gibbs. "He went through the physical drills bang, bang, bang." And through the mental drills clunk, clunk, clunk. "He was a little lost out there sometimes," admits Gibbs. "But that's understandable. He came around very quickly." Indeed, he and Theismann worked smoothly on Friday night, though Riggins wasn't used as a pass receiver.

Very little grumbling has been heard about Riggins' return, even from players like Clarence Harmon, who started at running back last season and stands to lose a lot of playing time. "I have to admit it felt kind of funny watching John line up as the starter," said Harmon Friday night. "I thought he had hung it up for good. But I think everything will work out O.K. Coach Gibbs has shown he likes to use a lot of players."

The key to Riggins' acceptance was probably his outstanding physical condition. Overweight, unprepared renegades are renegades; solidly muscled, 6' 2", 230-pound renegades who can still run over and around linebackers are assets.

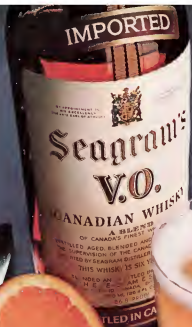
"The thing I've always admired about John is the shape he's in," Beathard, a 70-mile-a-week runner and an admitted conditioning nut, said after the Kansas City game. Harmon looked at Riggins easing a pair of tin shackles over his cowboy boots. "I don't know, but it seems to me he came back this year looking better than ever," he said admiringly.

Metcalf, too, is in great shape—Gibbs says he's the best-conditioned athlete he's ever seen—but there are questions about his value to the Redskins. Metcalf had gained more than 2,000 yards running, receiving and returning kicks in three of his five years with the Cardinals and

continued



Washington has a feeling that he'll be a big hit in Washington because he can see Gibbs' eyeball to eyeball.



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X1/9



he still holds the NFL's single-season all-purpose yardage record of 2,462, set in 1975, but in his three seasons with the lowly Argonauts he seemed to go quickly downhill. Like Johnny Rodgers, who preceded him northward, Metcalf was supposed to be the greatest thing to hit Canada since the hockey puck, and the Argos were paying him accordingly—a reported \$250,000 per season on a seven-year contract. "My expectations were that I'd easily have 1,000 yards per season," says Metcalf. "Especially after the first game in 1978 when I gained 163 yards on 18 carries. I said, 'Oh boy!'"

After that Metcalf mostly said, "Oh no." He averaged 638 yards rushing per season while the Argonauts averaged five wins and went through four coaches in his three years. In Metcalf's first year, under Leo Cahill and Bud Riley, Toronto ran through 163 players and lost 10 straight games in one stretch. In the midst of that streak, Metcalf thought about bolting back to the NFL but his roommate, M.L. Harris (now a tight end for the Bengals), talked him out of it. He started thinking about returning to the NFL last season when it became clear that Toronto, which wasn't winning with his \$250,000 salary, could lose just as well without it. He was released in April.

By that time the 29-year-old Metcalf had settled in the Washington area. He had always spent a lot of off-season time there because his wife, Celeste, has relatives in suburban Arlington, Va., and his lawyer, Richard Bennett, works in Washington. He began to court the Redskins last November, even before he had been cut. But, as in the case of Riggins, probably nothing would've come of his efforts if the "Skins hadn't hired Gibbs, who had been offensive backfield coach during Metcalf's five seasons with the Cardinals. They had been extremely close, and Gibbs had kept tabs on Metcalf's ill-fated CFL career.

"I know that, No. 1, when a player goes from the NFL to Canada it's really a letdown for him, even if they are paying him good money," says Gibbs. "And they kept changing coaches on him [Forrest Gregg and Willie Wood, who is still the head coach, followed Cahill and Riley]. It's hard to produce under those circumstances." So Gibbs eagerly viewed films of Metcalf in action last year, films that other NFL coaches had also seen. Like movie critics, they came away with different impressions. "Some guys, most

guys, looked at those films and saw a guy who had lost it," said Gibbs. "But I saw things that convinced me otherwise, flashes of the old Terry. And if he could do it for one play there's no reason he couldn't do it more often."

The final test for Metcalf was a timed 40-yard dash at a Washington mini-camp in May. The results have been kept more secret than details of the Royal Wedding night, which probably means that Met-

receptions. And as with the other two, money played a role in his move to the Redskins. Washington says he asked to be traded as early as the third game of last season because of a contract squabble that had begun in 1978, his first year with the Colts—and not because he was taking a backseat to Dickey. "I kept the contract problem out of the papers, so everybody assumed I wanted to leave Baltimore because of playing time," says



From his sideline command post, Gibbs sees only offense, hears only offense and speaks only offense

calf didn't run faster than, say, 4.7. (His best time at St. Louis was 4.5.) But the time satisfied Gibbs, who doesn't live by the stopwatch anyway. "A 4.4 guy who's dumb may as well be a 5.0," says Gibbs. "But a 4.7 guy who's smart will still be a 4.7 guy." Was that a hint about Metcalf's time in the 40? "I'm not going to say," said Metcalf.

On Friday night Metcalf showed he can still play. In one four-play sequence in the second quarter he gained 14 yards on a draw, caught a six-yard pass from Theismann for a first down, gained three yards on a swing pass and got six yards on another draw. And in the next series he barely missed connecting with Art Monk on a halfback pass that could've produced a touchdown.

Like Riggins and Metcalf, Washington has proved that he can both catch passes and run in the NFL. In 1978 he rushed for 956 yards for the Colts, and the following season he led the league with 82

Washington. "Heck, I know I'll get playing time wherever I go. I just wanted to get out."

Washington had also wanted out of San Diego, which had made him the fourth pick of the entire draft in 1976, and his dissatisfaction there was lack of playing time. He feels he'll be happy in Washington for two reasons. First, Gibbs is of average stature; two of his other coaches, Tommy Prothro at San Diego and Mike McCormack at Baltimore, were big men. "I know I'll never fit in with coaches over 6' 3" or 6' 4"," said Washington, who is 5' 10", 185 pounds and looks even smaller. "I say that sort of jokingly but it's always worked out that way. I don't think I can really be appreciated by big coaches." And secondly: "How can I go wrong in Washington with a name like Washington?"

The real question is: Will the Redskins go right with Riggins, Metcalf and Washington?

ONE



THE TV REVOLUTION: PART 2

HIGH ON CABLE

As more homes gain access to it and other forms of pay TV, more sports entrepreneurs devise ways to reap the rewards

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON



An apartment building in Manhattan, New York City's only borough with cable TV, gets wired.

OAKLAND RAIDERS-L.A. COLISEUM V. THE NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE.

The suit began sending ripples of fear and loathing through the pro football Establishment as soon as the first litigious murmurs were heard three years ago. Even a man of such infinite calm as NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle had dreams about it. Before the trial began on May 11, Rozelle said, "If Al Davis wins,

we have chaos in the league. Each team can suction itself off to the highest TV bidder. The big cities get the big money. So long, Green Bay." He shook his head at the thought. "A team could sell its games to some superstation and encroach on other NFL territories all over the country," Rozelle continued. "Teams could do local pay TV deals on their own. They could kill the NFL."

Wait a minute. The suit that Al Davis, resident genius and managing general partner of the Oakland Raiders, and the Los Angeles Coliseum have brought against the NFL is a fairly straightforward antitrust charge involving restraint of trade, isn't it? The crux of the Davis complaint is that the part of the NFL constitution known as *continued*

THE TV REVOLUTION

continued

Article IV, Section 4.3, which requires an affirmative vote from 21 of 28 team owners before a franchise can be shifted, represents an arbitrary and unfair restriction of free enterprise. Davis wants to move the Raiders into the Coliseum, which was vacated by the Rams in 1979, but the other owners vetoed his plan. Thus, he and the Coliseum sued the NFL not only for the right to shift the franchise but also for damages of \$15 million. A verdict in Davis' favor would nullify what has come to be known as the 4.3 Rule. Right?

Basically, that's right—superficially right. That the league might lose control over who moves whose team to what town could be troublesome, possibly even chaotic, as Rozelle maintains. But on a more subtle level, many believe that Davis is really threatening something far more precious to the NFL than the 4.3 Rule. That would be its 20-year-old practice of giving every team an even share of all TV revenue.

Gene Klein, 60, is principal owner of the San Diego Chargers. He, Rozelle and Cleveland owner Art Modell make up the NFL's powerful television committee. Before he suffered a massive heart attack in late May this year, Klein testified passionately at the trial—against Davis. Then, outside the courtroom, he gave his version of the true size and shape of Davis' threat to pro football.

"The real success of the NFL is that strong teams in strong towns have no economic edge over weak teams in weak towns," said Klein. "The NFL sees San Diego as just as important as New York. In the Chargers' bad years we survived because of what we got out of our share of the league's TV revenue. Now that we've become a damned good draw, we can help others the same way those teams helped us six years ago."

"Obviously, the fact that the NFL shares television funding equally is what makes the league viable. But Davis sees a \$10 million pot of gold at the end of the rainbow in Los Angeles. It is spelled g-e-e-d. He doesn't care about the other 27 teams in the league. If he gets away with breaking our constitution in this case, anything is possible. That is the crux of the entire thing, not merely forestalling a franchise shift. If Davis' ideas became reality—if he were allowed to keep all the L.A. pay TV money with no league share—it would ruin the league."

I wonder whether Davis wants that."

Of course, Davis says no, he doesn't want that. "Pay TV revenue is not the reason I want to move to Los Angeles," he says. "The reason is that Oakland Coliseum officials and the city have ignored my requests for improvements. Meanwhile, I look around and see the Los Angeles Rams doing \$5 million more at the gate than I am, and others keeping \$2 million from special-box revenue that they don't share with the league. Of course, if we ever get to the point where larger revenue comes from pay TV than at present, I'm for taking it."

Does that mean Davis favors equal sharing of all such revenue? Davis says yes, but... "I don't believe pay TV is covered by the NFL rules, though the commissioner thinks it is. However, I do favor a continuation of sharing of TV revenue just as we do now."

Davis' lawyer for the NFL suit is Joseph Alioto, former mayor of San Francisco and an antitrust expert. Alioto, too, denies that Davis had any motives except to open a road for the Raiders to the L.A. Coliseum. Nevertheless, Alioto has an interesting thought about the allocation of pay TV money in the NFL's future. "This is my own notion, and you cannot attribute any of it to Al Davis," he says. "The NFL has a 75-mile TV blackout rule for non-sold-out home games. Someone is going to figure out that a team could open up that blacked-out zone to pay TV. If that 75-mile zone happens to be around New York or Los Angeles instead of Green Bay, that's a lot of money. The question is: Would the other NFL teams share that?" Alioto points out that the NFL already has set a precedent for not sharing revenue by allowing owners to keep what they take in from lucrative stadium executive boxes, parking and concessions.

Should the jury—which as of Sunday had been out for 12 days—decide in favor of Davis, the NFL would certainly undergo change. Whether the league would degenerate into chaos or the decision would merely mean the relocation of a franchise or two remains to be seen. But one thing will not change: The financial foundation of the league will remain—as it has for more than 20 years—firmly planted in the rich ground of TV megabucks.

Pro football is about to enter the last season of a four-year contract with CBS,

NBC and ABC. As you read this, Rozelle is negotiating a new agreement extending through 1983. The package will be worth about \$1 billion, with each club guaranteed approximately \$8 million annually.

With the blossoming of cable and pay TV, one might expect Rozelle to be ca-



■ Davis is able to move his team to L.A.

ger to reap their revenues. But no, he's going to stick with the commercial networks for another three or four years. "Over the years I had hoped we could use some kind of pay cable or subscription TV as a supplement to free television," he says. "When we had the full blackout of all home games, I thought something could be worked out with pay TV in home-team markets. But we lost the blackout, and it hasn't worked out. I still feel that when cable penetrates a lot more homes in the country than it does now, we can use it. Even then, though, it will only be supplementary to the networks. There may be a revolution going on, but this time we can't be the bellwether. Our value in this country is as



... chaos would beset the NFL, says Rountree

an institution. We can't go only for the bottom line. It's a matter of public relations. And there's Congress to consider. It may not permit us to abandon the commercial networks. There is still going to be an enormous amount of money in pure cable and pay cable and all the combinations. But the combination of public responsibility and politics will still probably keep the NFL out of them—at least in terms of a total commitment—for quite a long time."

"We must protect and restrict the NFL package or we will have terrible overexposure," adds Klein. "We cannot have pro football seven days a week or six games on Sunday. In our last negotiations we walked away from \$18 million because we wanted to restrict the number of Thursday night games to prevent oversaturation. I can see a lot of pay TV in the future of the NFL. Common belief has held that our agreements with the networks have excluded us from experimenting in pay TV. But I expect we will negotiate at least a small window in the next [1982] agreement so we could experiment with pay TV."

Throughout sport, the talk about pay TV and its big payoffs rises in crescendo and expectation every day. Even

the players are talking about getting a piece of the action. During the recent baseball strike, the Yankees' Dave Winfield said, "Free agency and compensation aren't the only issues involved in our future and not the most important. Television and cable TV will be very important down the line. For what's at stake we may have to change the entire player-owner relationship as we know it." Yet despite the prospects of a bonanza, commitments by major organizations have been slow in coming. The Dodgers and the Angels have each sold 15 home games this season to ON TV, the Los Angeles over-the-air subscription television service (STV), for about 25¢ per viewer. Similar deals have been struck in metropolitan New York and Philadelphia. Last month Wichita State became the first university to announce a sports agreement with a cable company. Next season Air Capital Cablevision will carry 15 of the school's basketball games. Subscriptions will cost \$78.

By far the most ambitious pay TV package to date is the one recently announced by the Seattle SuperSonics of the NBA. If the NFL is cautiously looking for a "window" to pay TV, then the Sonics have built themselves an entire glass house—and we all know the risks of living in one of those.

The pay TV gamble in Seattle is somewhat surprising, because the Sonics have

led the league in attendance the past three years, attracting a record average of 21,725 fans during their 1979-80 season. Still, the Sonics are going to put almost all their eggs in a TV basket next year.

Here's how it will work. The team has leased its own channel on eight major cable systems in the Seattle area. Together, these systems have 220,000 subscribers. Next season the Sonics will transmit over these channels 82 regular-season games, eight exhibition games, a few training-camp workouts and the club's segment of the league draft.

To receive this Sonics super package, a viewer must buy a TV "season ticket." It will cost \$120, an average of \$1.33 per game. Each subscriber's home will be equipped with a small box that will decode the scrambled signal. As an extra bonus, subscribers also will receive \$120 worth of real tickets allowing them to attend games at the Kingdome.

Zollic Volkoch, president and general manager of the Sonics, says the operation will cost the club about \$1.2 million to set up. That means the team would break even if it sells the \$120 TV season ticket to 10,000 homes. The Sonics will share any revenues with the production and cable companies. In a unique team/arena arrangement, the Sonics also will play the Kingdome to make up for any loss of attendance caused by the TV deal.

According to Volkoch, surveys indicate that the Sonics might realistically expect some 25,000 of Seattle's cable subscribers to buy the TV season ticket. That comes to a cool \$3 million—not counting live gate proceeds, which last season totaled about \$7 million.

Whatever happens, the Sonics' scheme is the first truly revolutionary step taken by a major team into the new environment of pay TV sport. The mind behind it all belongs to Sam Schulman, 71, chairman of the Sonics. He also is a partner in Schulman-Levin Productions, a Los Angeles-based motion-picture distribution company. "I've been thinking about pay television for many, many years," says Schulman, "but we had only been offered nominal amounts—so many pennies per game. For that kind of money, I thought I'd be prostituting my software." (When a sports entrepreneur talks about his software, he means the games played by his team.)

The first year, season tickets to Schulman's SuperSonic software will be good

continued



Klein has one word for Davis' motives: greed.

THE TV REVOLUTION

continued

for cable only, but he sees over-the-air subscription television generating many more big bucks in the future. "In a couple of years," says Schulman, "we'll go on STV to reach those who don't have cable, and that will open up another 1,200,000 households. With any luck, over the next five years we could have 250,000 to 300,000 season subscribers, and when that day arrives, we can foresee taking in \$30 to \$35 million a year just from our channels."

Here again are those astronomical figures that sports entrepreneurs love to fling around whenever they discuss the potential of cable and pay TV. Are they real? Obviously, no one knows. But one factor in Schulman's Seattle operation that differs from most other existing cable or pay TV packages in sport is that he controls both the medium and the money. "This is an entrepreneurial approach rather than the accepted traditional concept of selling your software to a cable company for pennies," says Schulman. "We believe the huge profits forthcoming if our concept is viable should rest with us as long as we are willing to take the financial gamble with our own channel, our own production, sales, billing, and the rest. It is our risk and therefore our gain."

But what of the rest of the NBA? There is no sharing among clubs of local TV revenues. A national CBS-TV package does guarantee each team roughly \$1 million, but owners like Schulman see no reason why they should divide their spoils with anyone else—no matter how such inequities may damage the league. "If I'm successful, naturally I'll fight any plan for sharing," he says.

Schulman's brand of local opportunism is anathema to the share-alike purists of sport. The NFL's Klein is funny about the SuperSonic experiment. "What Seattle is doing in the area of pay TV is a disgrace to the NBA," he said. "It's totally adverse to the best interests of that sport. But Seattle can get away with it because the NBA isn't strong enough to stand up for the common interests of everyone."

True enough. But pro basketball is by no means the only sport facing the problem of owners who are less than selfless when it comes to dividing TV revenue. For example, Tom Villante, director of marketing and broadcasting for major league baseball, is concerned about po-



Training in Denver, future cable installers learn how to free their hands by tossing bolts around

central TV problems facing his game. "I'm afraid in the short term there'll be a big increase in the gap between the haves and have-nots," he says. "Population used to be the governing factor in the success of ball clubs. The more you could draw from, the more money you made. Over-the-air TV evened out the population differences to some extent, but now with pay cable, we're right back to population. Owners in big cities can make a mint. But those in places like Kansas City, Milwaukee and Minneapolis have big problems."

"Some baseball towns have no cable TV at all. Others are saturated. And the gap will get larger in the next five years. It would be O.K. if all the extra money the big-city teams make is allowed to fall to the bottom line as pure profit. But if that extra revenue is used to gobble up all the talent around, then the imbalance among teams becomes worse and worse."

Is there a cure for baseball's potential inequities? Villante isn't particularly optimistic. "Santay has a lot to do with it, self-control, self-discipline," he says. "I don't think baseball would go to across-the-board revenue sharing. It might be done with new dollars—sharing new pay TV revenue at every level. But it would take a three-quarters vote of the owners. I don't see any major change in the offing. The best thing would be if we could somehow start over. Reorganize and give each club, say, six million wired homes. Put them all on an equal footing at the start. Let the best marketing make the most money. Let the smartest guys finish first, not just the richest. These days too much is done on 'wallet wisdom.' The inequities are built in. I'm afraid they're going to get worse."

Eddie Einhorn, 45, the new president of the Chicago White Sox, is determined to overthrow all inequities—economic



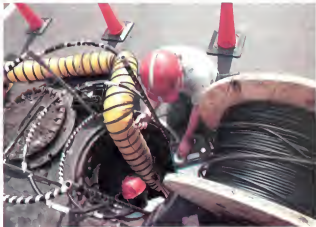
and otherwise—that have plagued his struggling club for many years. A former executive producer at CBS Sports and founder of the TVS network, which he sold to Corinthian Broadcasting for \$5 million in 1973, he is considered one of the sharpest TV minds in sports ownership today.

Although reluctant to reveal details until the deal is finalized, Einhorn has come up with what he calls a "unique and complicated" television plan that includes the NBA Bulls, the NHL Black Hawks and the NASL Sting, each of which also needs all the help it can get. (The Cubs aren't expected to participate.) The four teams intend to buy or lease a station and form their own local all-sports channel. Because Chicago isn't wired for cable, the games would be on STV within the city limits and on cable in the suburbs, many of which are wired. Commercial TV might also be part of the package.

"We need additional income to survive, and the future is in pay TV of some form," says Einhorn. "We can't get enough money from commercial television alone. Last season the Sox (under Bill Veeck) didn't make \$500,000 on TV, and that was televising virtually every game, home and away. We had the lowest TV revenue of any team in baseball last year—\$3,000 or \$4,000 a game. That meant if just 700 people didn't show up because the game was on television, we lost money. Trouble is, when you sell to commercial television, you're at their mercy. I'm not going to do stupid things like that anymore, not when I know the station gets \$1.9 million from Budweiser just for eight spots on 60 games. That comes to more than \$30,000 a game—and that's only one advertiser. Unless you have control, you're going to be taken advantage of."

Can pay TV save Chicago's troubled clubs? Given the proper setup, yes, Ed Norris, vice-president and general manager of WSNV-TV in Chicago, which broadcasts Sox games for several years, says flatly. "If the Cubs came in, they would have this town by the tail." Modestly, Einhorn says, "We're not going to become billionaires with pay *continued*

In metropolitan areas like New York City, television cable is run underground rather than along poles.



THE TV REVOLUTION

continued

TV. All we want to do is stay out of the red and run contending ball clubs."

The idea of a local all-sports channel didn't originate with Elnhorn. In New York, for example, a pay cable service called SportsChannel presents about 600 events a year, including Yankees, Mets, Islanders, Nets and Arrows (indoor soccer) games that aren't carried by local stations. Beginning this fall, SportsChannel also will broadcast a selection of Ivy League events in the New York metropolitan area. In New England the Boston Celtics and the Hart-

ford Whalers recently created their own pay cable channel. And in San Diego discussions are under way to form a local all-sports cable channel that might become the bellwether for this type of programming.

Of the 350,000 homes in San Diego, 224,000 are wired. The largest operation there—or anywhere else in the country—is the Cox Cable system, with 211,000 homes. According to William Gruber, vice-president and program director of Cox-San Diego, the firm is preparing to launch a locally oriented sports-only

channel early next year. "We will start slowly," says Gruber, "but what we envision is a channel devoted to anything happening in local sports, wrapped around national events as a supplement. It will be a broad-based package. Eventually, we would like to carry Padre, Clipper, Soccer, L.A. Aztec and University of San Diego games. We'd like the Chargers, too, if NFL teams ever become available to cable. We would televise everything from one-time-only national events all the way down to high school games. We would complement the

continued

BIG LEAGUE TV FOR THE SMALLS



New Jersey's TV3 airs up to 15 hours of local sports a week.

When Summit High took on Montclair High in lacrosse on a cold, dreary day last April, only a few loyal parents and friends showed up to watch. But they weren't the only ones to catch the action. Thanks to TV3, a division of Suburban Cablevision of East Orange, N.J., 100,000 other viewers could see the game in their living rooms. Suburban subscribers also could pick up the Belleville-West Essex football game, the Roselle Park-Cranford wrestling matches and the Montclair-Columbia girls' volleyball game. All told, between September and June, TV3 broadcast a total of 140 local high school and college athletic events in 13 different sports.

While Suburban offers programming on 36 different channels, it's TV3 that captivates viewers. "When a lot of people first subscribe, they don't know what TV3 is all about," says Greg Vandervort, the station's director of local programming. "Most sign up for the movies or Madison Square Garden games, but

once they see their high school or the big Saturday football game in the area, TV3 is what makes them keep the service."

Depending on the season, TV3 devotes up to half of its 30 hours of weekly programming to area athletics. Filling the hours is never a problem, for schools will do a good deal to get air time, including changing starting times (sound familiar?) and playing in any kind of weather. "One day last April we were doing a baseball game, and it was pouring rain," says Bruce Beck, TV3's sports director. "One of the coaches came over and told us he was going to reschedule the game for the next day. But we said we were booked and wouldn't be able to televise them. So they played in a driving rainstorm. Everybody got soaking wet, including our crew."

Some high schools shoot their games themselves, and then send the tapes to Suburban in hopes that it will show them. A few schools are even remodeling their gyms to accommodate TV3. Says Beck, "We tell them, 'Put in a few more lights or add a couple of feet to the press box to make it comfortable for our camera, and we'll be over all the time.'"

Concentrating on local sports makes good sense financially for a small cable operator. To get two hours of programming he simply sends a truck and a crew to a field or a gym and starts shooting. TV3 utilizes a number of college interns, which also helps keep costs down. When TV3 covers a game, usually no more than four or five members of the 10-person crew are paid employees. The median age at TV3 is 26, and many of its 18 full-time staffers are alumni of the intern program.

But far and away the single biggest bargain for Suburban is the software—that is, the events themselves. Unlike major-league and pro teams, which command ever larger sums for rights to their games, high schools and small colleges don't charge a penny. "Right now they really couldn't ask us for money," says Vandervort. "We're providing them with a service."

Nevertheless, Suburban doesn't stint on equipment. Its three remote production trucks cost more than \$350,000 apiece. "What we've tried to do by using more expensive and sophisticated equipment than most cable companies our size is get our broadcasts up to network standards," says Vandervort. "People who are used to New York television aren't going to watch something that looks like home movies."

Despite the youth of its staffers, there's nothing amateurish about TV3's sports coverage. In 1977, '79 and '80 Suburban won the National Cable Television Association's award for excellence in sports programming. TV3 has at least two cameras and two announcers at each sports event. The latter are generally former coaches or referees, and several days before a game TV3 supplies them with loose-leaf handouts crammed with information. If an announcer's on-camera delivery isn't up to par, station staffers attempt to improve his performance.

Beck and Vandervort would like to distribute their college sports program to other cable systems in the same area. They also hope to obtain hardware that will allow them to carry, say, a Summit-Montclair game in the northern section of Suburban's system while they're airing another game in the southern end. "We think that local coverage is a fantastic vehicle for promoting sports in our towns," says Beck. "And there's nothing like it for the parents. More important, though, it's great showing high school kids in action with the same type of professionalism that you see when you watch sports on the networks."

—WILSON ALLEN

CHERYL TIEGS PRAISES HER FAVORITE MODEL.



Photograph by David Laatz

CHERYL: Once I get going, I can talk about the Olympus OM-10 all day.

INTERVIEWER: So you're a real photography whiz.

CHERYL: Absolutely, positively not. Sure I'm poised in front of the camera. But until the OM-10 came along, I would fall apart behind it. Now I get great shots, automatically.

INTERVIEWER: What do you like best about the OM-10?

CHERYL: It's uncomplicated. Easy to use. But it's not a toy; it's put together solidly and doesn't compromise itself.

INTERVIEWER: How easy is the OM-10?

CHERYL: It's fully automatic. I just look through the viewfinder and the little red dot tells me everything I need to know. And if I'm shooting with a flash, my OM-10 actually blinks after the shot—to let me know if the exposure was okay.

INTERVIEWER: What else?

CHERYL: The OM-10 is part of a complete system. You can add almost anything. Personally, I'm a pushover for the winder that shoots off three frames-per-second. By the way, would you like to see some of my photographs now?

INTERVIEWER: I thought you'd never ask.

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THE TV REVOLUTION

(Continued)

package with special feeds from the USA Network."

And the financing? "We would have to have advertising to supplement subscription fees," continues Gruber. "The idea of advertising on pay TV is said to offend a lot of people, but our studies have shown just the opposite. Seventy percent of the people said they wouldn't oppose advertising if it kept their costs down and didn't interrupt the flow of the shows. In other words, no time-outs for TV. The commercials would be only at the beginning of games or at the end of periods. If we could supplement a sports channel with advertising, I think we could offer it for \$6.50 a month."

What kind of penetration might the channel have? Says Gruber, "Sports is a specialized area. I think a maximum we could hope to reach is 50% of our subscribers. I see pay TV as a supplement for most teams—albeit one that can create profits where it was break-even or a loss before. I see the big leagues continuing a blend of pay TV and network television for a while on a national basis. Also, I have no doubt that local subscription revenues alone will never be large enough to support sports on pay TV stations. Ultimately, our revenue will come from a combination of advertising, share feeds to other stations and subscriptions."

However it happens, we are moving into an era when television rather than the box office will generate the largest source of revenue for most major sports. Today, even NFL teams don't make the bulk of their money from television. Some are close to 50%, but the ratio is roughly 40% TV, 60% stadium tickets, parking, concessions, programs, etc. In baseball, the standard formula is 30% TV, 70% other sources. On the average, TV accounts for 20% of an NBA team's total revenues. For hockey clubs in most U.S. towns, TV income is low or nonexistent, perhaps 15% of all revenues. Soccer is worse. John Daley, the president and general manager of the Seattle Sounders, estimates that television represents but one-tenth of 1% of his club's income.

In the future these ratios will vary considerably from sport to

sport and city to city. In a megalopolis like the Los Angeles area, which ultimately will enjoy maximum saturation by any and all available forms of TV transmission, the change could be extreme. Lakers owner Dr. Jerry Buss is locked into a five-year agreement with ON TV, a deal sealed before Buss bought the team two years ago. Buss isn't happy now, but the future seems wildly promising. "We get seven cents per set now," he says. "Next year it goes to eight. That's pennies, 6% or 7% of our overall income. But by the time our contract runs out in 1984, a million sets should be equipped for pay TV in Los Angeles. Assume that just 25% of them subscribe, paying something like \$80 a season. We'll gross \$20 million. Eventually I would think we should be able to depend on something close to 90% of our income from pay TV systems."

But what will happen at the Forum then? What will happen in all the Kingdoms and the Spectrums, the Gardens and the Coliseums of the land? Will they all become yawning canyons of empty seats, monuments to sportsmen's greed? For decades conventional wisdom has held that TV kills the box office. This axiom is carved on stone tablets, engraved on bronze plaques in center-field, written in God's own smoke across the sky. As it turns out, the axiom is probably wrong. Willard Nichols, former

chief of the cable bureau at the Federal Communications Commission and now administrative assistant to the chairman of the commission, says, "Over and over our studies have shown that cable TV does not have an impact on the live gate. If there's a competitive team in town, no matter what the sport, people go to the game."

"What hurts the gate in the NFL is not TV but a losing team," says Rozelle. Adds Gene Autry, a cable TV entrepreneur in several cities and owner of the California Angels, "We have not found that TV hurts our attendance at all. It probably helps. If we're playing a three-game series with the Yankees at home and we telecast the first game by pay TV, we usually find that the attendance for the next two games picks up."

Tom Villante spent 20 years in advertising before coming to Bowe Kuhn's office two years ago. He says, "TV is the most potent sales force known to man. TV sells your ball club. It's an energizer. There has never been a case in which, when the TV ratings went up, the gate went down. What hurts the baseball gate is what else is on TV. In the early days clubs weren't hurt by the televising of their games but by *The Milton Berle Show* and *I Love Lucy*."

To Villante's way of thinking, the type of TV that is most destructive today is the baseball beamed out by the three superstations: WTBS in Atlanta, which, in a non-strike year, broadcasts 150 Braves games by means of 3,250 cable systems, some so small they have only 200 subscribers; WGN in Chicago, which does 146 Cubs and 64 White Sox games by means of 1,548 systems; and WOR in New York, which airs 100 Mets games by means of 890 systems. The superstations run games down on all 50 states and have a total potential reach of perhaps 21 million viewers.

Because of their enormous range, the superstations can create pockets of Braves, Cubs, White Sox or Mets fans among people who live thousands of miles away from the cities where these teams are based. Says Villante, "Ted Turner's station is carrying all those Atlanta games to a kid who lives, say, in Cleveland. The boy gets this tremendous load of Braves games

continued

Schulman sells "season tickets" to *Sonics* games on pay TV.



Chrysler Cordoba Corinthian Edition



The Chrysler Cordoba.

So finely engineered it was rated superior to Oldsmobile Cutlass in overall quality of ride, styling, fits and finishes.

In an independent test, 50 mid-specialty car owners compared the 1981 Chrysler Cordoba to the 1981 Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme. They compared each car 39 different ways from the quality of their paint jobs to the quality of their seat seams. From the way they felt on the road to the way they looked standing still. Out of the 39 categories, Cordoba beat Cutlass 34 times.* Here are some reasons why.

Isolated transverse torsion-bars and a series of rubber isolator cushions give Cordoba its smooth ride.

When Cordoba and Cutlass were compared for riding qualities, the categories used for evaluation were: smoothness, steadiness, quietness, seating comfort, and overall riding comfort. Incredibly, Cordoba beat Cutlass in all five categories.

Cordoba's smoother, steadier ride comes from its isolated transverse torsion-bars. Chrome alloy torsion-bars are mounted to the front-wheel control arms and to the car structure, so they provide springing action by twisting.

A torsion-bar twists and untwists as wheels ride over bumps. This way the torsion-bar cushions road shocks before they are transmitted to the car body.

Cordoba is a quiet car because Chrysler engineering utilized computer-designed, thick, rubber cushions and put them where suspension components meet the car's body to reduce road noise and harshness before they reach Cordoba's interior.



A silky smooth 5.2 liter V8 engine and amazing Torqueflite automatic transmission. Both helped rate Cordoba superior to Cutlass in pick-up and smoothness.**

Among the categories in evaluating Cordoba and Cutlass were pick-up and smoothness. Categories Cordoba won handily. Cordoba's classic 5.2 liter V8 engine makes it responsive, easy to maintain, but most importantly, an engine with an EPA rating of 17 est. mpg, 26 est. hwy.† Designed into each engine is an electronic fuel control computer that processes signals from seven different sensors and instantly adjusts your air-fuel ratio to an optimum mixture. Cordoba's Torqueflite automatic transmission means better fuel economy because at highway speeds the torque converter locks in place. With the converter locked the engine runs slower to maintain the car's speed so less fuel is used.



Chrysler's painstaking attention to detail helped rate Cordoba superior to Cutlass in quality of fits and finishes.

During the evaluation between Cordoba and Cutlass for styling, conveniences, and quality of fits and finishes, Cordoba was picked first in 25 out of 27 categories. For example, Cordoba's front, side, and rear styling was rated superior. Cordoba's doors, exterior chrome, and moldings were picked as fit-

ting better, for being straighter, and for having no gaps. Its hood, doors, and trunk were judged to fit better because their seams were straighter and more even.

So thorough is Chrysler's attention to quality of styling, fits and finishes and convenience, Cordoba was selected by 34 out of the 50 judges as having superior quality overall. The 1981 Chrysler Cordoba, a car you will judge superior in overall quality.

The Corinthian comes with the following standard features: automatic torqueflite transmission, power steering, front power disc brakes, white side wall steel belted radial tires, inside hood release, padded Landau vinyl roof, electronic ignition system, engine coolant reserve system, AM radio, front and rear bumper guards, dual chrome remote control mirrors, deep pile carpets, and wire wheel covers.

Cordoba LS prices start at \$7,765.††

\$7,765. That's what the sporty Cordoba costs and here's what's standard on the Cordoba LS. A 3.7 liter 6-cylinder engine; automatic transmission, power steering, front power disc brakes, tinted glass, and many other standard features that usually are available only as options.

Buy or Lease at Chrysler-Plymouth Dealers. Ask about our comprehensive 5/50 Protection Plan.



The New Chrysler Corporation

Results reported are based on responses preferring Cordoba over Cutlass 27 out of 50 to 46 out of 50 participants depending on the category. † Use EPA est. MPG for comparison. Actual mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage probably lower. Call† ests. lower. †† Base sticker price of Cordoba LS (not shown) excluding taxes and destination charges. Optional Corinthian Edition Package shown not available on Cordoba LS.

THE TV REVOLUTION

continued

on his TV, and he gets to love the team. Well, that's how you fragment a local baseball market. What good is a kid who lives in Cleveland carrying around an Atlanta Braves pennant? Not only is he not a fan of the Cleveland Indians, but he isn't even a fan of the American League. He's the least productive fan in all of sports."

Troublesome—and popular—as the supervisions have been, many TV people think they're already dinosaurs of a kind. Even Robert Wussler, former president of CBS Sports and now executive vice-president of Turner's cable operations, says, "The economics will not be the same again, and there will be no more supervisions. There is no way to control who watches them. Sports on TV in

the future will be increasingly local, increasingly focused on specific sports, specific teams, specific fans."

They call this narrow casting, and what it means is that sheer bulk numbers will no longer be the one and only standard for measuring success on TV. "There is a growing opinion that the way the commercial networks work is a terrible waste of money," says John A. Ledingham Jr., assistant professor of journalism at San Diego State. "Shows that aren't pinpointed to specific markets aren't going to cut it much longer. When the advertiser is given the option of reaching a researched and pinpointed market, he will move away from the networks' hit-and-miss markets in favor of the specialty market."

At long last the all-powerful standard of Mass Appeal will become far less significant. For once, there will be a place for programs—and sports—of Mini Appeal. There will be a place—and a reason—for television to cater to the wants and whims of the minority, the eccentric, the off-the-wall outcast who likes things that don't appeal to the masses.

Hockey is a perfect example. Jerry Buss, who also owns the Los Angeles Kings, says, "Why won't hockey work on NBC or ABC or CBS? Because it doesn't have the mass popularity the networks must have. To survive on advertiser-supported networks, a program has to get 25% of an audience—of a national audience with every kind of individual in it—or the economics fall flat. Get 25% or die! But on a pay channel, there's no difference between getting 1% or 10% or 100%. The only thing that matters is how much money you take in through subscriptions. On those grounds, hockey can make it on TV."

Says Don Ohlmeyer, president of NBC Sports, "God knows, there must be at least one million homes in this country with hockey freaks—right? Say you get those one million hockey nuts to pay \$3 a week for a full menu of hockey—every night, every day. That brings you \$3 million

a week. You spread that over seven months of the NHL season, and you've made a fortune. It will happen, and it's what will save hockey."

This is the kind of fragmentation that television sport faces. A channel for everyone and everyone for a channel: a hockey channel, a soccer channel, an indoor-soccer channel, a trash-sport channel, a channel for sport scandals, a channel for Christian athletes, a channel for Little League, a channel for Notre Dame, for USC. . .

For the better part of four decades, people of all ages, from all regions, with all imaginable ethnic roots and individual eccentricities have been fed the same selection of events by the commercial networks. But with the new fragmentation the choices will be enormous. Allie Sherman, former coach of the New York Giants and now senior sports consultant for Warner Amex Cable Communications, is enthusiastic about the prospects of non-homogenized TV sport.

"What we will have is the ability to customize, to personalize, to deal with sports on a regional basis," he says. "There's a huge historical love affair in this country with high school and small-college teams. You go into towns all over the U.S. on a Friday night or Saturday afternoon—they're empty! Everyone's at a football game. Those towns have sports traditions that won't quit. Grandfathers played against grandfathers, now grandsons are playing against grandsons. We can do high school rivalries. We can show a game two, three, four, five times. Kids can come home and watch themselves play. My God, it's so exciting, and there's nothing wrong with it economically. We don't need to satisfy advertisers. We have the channels to do it. The emphasis is going to be on individuals, on the grass roots."

These things are all part of the wave of the future. However, the future hasn't arrived, and despite the euphoric forecasts for cable and pay TV in sports, the commercial networks are still the dominant force. And they probably will remain so for several years. Even such a cable-oriented executive as Gerald Levin, vice-president of Time Inc.'s video group, says, "The networks will continue to deliver the single largest mass audience, and, thus, they will continue to have the showcase events. The networks

continued



Nichols' studies show that cable doesn't hurt the game. Perenchio's Olympic tender was second only to ABC's.



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THE TV REVOLUTION

Continued

are still the best way to merchandise a sport, because you can reach the largest number of people with a single exposure."

Most broadcast people agree with Levin that, no matter how much money might be pouring out of the pay TV cornucopia, the commercial networks will hang on to the so-called "jewels" of sport, meaning the likes of the Super Bowl, the World Series, the Olympics. Yet there is just enough evidence to the contrary to suggest that we also may be ready for quite another kind of future for the jewels.

In 1979 ABC won the rights to the '84 Olympics in Los Angeles with a whopping bid of \$225 million. No surprise there. But what's not so widely known is that Jerry Perenchio, part owner and operator of ON TV, bid \$190 million. His tender was second only to ABC's. Even if Perenchio had been highest, it's doubtful that he could have guaranteed enough U.S. homes for the International Olympic Committee to have awarded him sole rights. But remember, the bidding was done two years ago, and since then the technology of pay TV has been vastly improved.

Peck Prior, 60, a veteran of commercial television and the former director of media for the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee, explains how things might have been different. "After ABC won the bid, under terms of the contract it had to begin paying on the package right away because the Olympic Committee had to have money to get things started," says Prior. "However, if this committee had had the financial stability to wait until 1983 to sell the TV rights, we probably could have gotten five or six times as much as ABC paid. We might have gotten a billion dollars." No commercial network could have afforded that amount of money. Only pay TV could have come anywhere near such a figure. Who knows what new power—by 1988—will be able to afford the Olympics.

Then there is the Rose Bowl. Last summer the commercial networks had been so eager to obtain the rights to the 1983 Rose Bowl that CBS and NBC got into a desperate bidding contest that boosted the price of that single game to



Boss says his Lakers will take in \$20 million from pay TV in 1984.

\$7.2 million. This past June, for the first time, The Granddaddy of Them All allowed non-network organizations—meaning cable and pay systems—to join the bidding for the games of 1984, '85 and '86 as a package. The only requirement was that the newcomers guarantee a minimum of 20 million subscribers. Before the bids were opened, William Nicholas, chairman of the Tournament of Roses Football Committee, said, "We didn't make a long-term contract with NBC because the cable people told us not to. I don't think \$25 or \$30 million for one Rose Bowl game will be out of line."

Well, it was out of line, for the time being, anyway. It wasn't a cable system that came up with the money, but NBC again. Having lost the NCAA basketball tournament to CBS, the network couldn't afford another fumble. To keep the Rose Bowl bouquet that it had held since 1952, NBC bid \$33 million for the package. As it turned out, no cable or pay TV network could guarantee 20 million homes. Thus, the future didn't make its appearance in Pasadena in June.

Still, the direction in which things are moving is clear. The Liberty and Senior bowls both have jumped to cable (the former will be carried by commercial stations and the USA Network, the latter by ESPN), and it could only be a matter of time before other bowls take the same route, along with all manner of other one-of-a-kind events: the Ken-

tucky Derby, the Masters, the British Open, the Indianapolis 500, the NCAA basketball finals. . .

Some visionaries even believe such gems as the Super Bowl and the World Series will eventually go up for auction to the highest bidder. Says Gustave Hauser, chairman and chief executive officer of Warner Amex Cable Communications, "One of these days the people who run pro football or baseball are going to wake up and say, 'Hey! God didn't ordain it on Mount Sinai that everyone has a right to watch pro football and the World Series free but has to pay to watch all the big boxing matches. God didn't really do that, did He?' And if God didn't do that, then

why am I doing this? Who said I wanted to be a national institution and give my best products away for free? If God didn't ordain it, then to hell with it."

A lot of people disagree with Hauser, people who believe that God did ordain that Americans have an inalienable—even a divine—right to receive such events as the Super Bowl and the World Series for free. Many of these people think Congress would prohibit any move that would curtail the number of TV homes that could receive these sporting jewels.

Such Congressional action is certainly possible. Yet one must ask: Would Congress really force NFL owners to sacrifice huge sums of money that they have every right to get? Would Congress really dictate what owners should do with their own teams? Well, no one knows, Congress is nothing if not capricious.

However, whether it be an act of Congress or an act of God, nothing can undo the fact that televised sport in the U.S. is in the throes of a revolution. The old systems are passing. Precisely what new forms will replace them is impossible to foretell. The vast variety of possibilities is, in itself, exciting. The promise of something new, something better, even something merely different can only be stimulating. So, stay tuned. No sports fan worth his salt ever enjoyed a game if he knew how it was going to end.

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set a reasonable goal for the month of October, then ask friends, neighbors, and business associates to pledge 10¢ or more to the U.S. Olympic effort for every mile you run during the month. Run as much as you can, then collect the pledges from your sponsors at the end of the month. The runners raising the most money will win the following prizes from Natural Light:

TWO GRAND PRIZES: The male and female runners raising the most money will each earn a trip for two to the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics. They will view, in person, the Olympic marathon. Prize includes airfare, hotels, and VIP viewing.

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Every runner who turns in a minimum of \$100 will receive a Natural Light Olympic thermal beer stein. Send in \$5 to register now to help cover mailing and handling and we'll send you the official "I'm Running for the USA" T-shirt, sponsor forms, training map and complete instructions. The map can be used to plot your own course to the Los Angeles Olympics.



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51

Sell where prohibited or restricted by law.

George Scott is alive and well and playing in Mexico City

When no big league team would have him, the former Boston star went south of the border and won a new nickname



Things are looking up again for Scott, who is batting .362

There is a smattering of applause from the hometown Mexico City crowd as George Scott steps into the batter's box, looking as big and fearsome as he did in those far-off days when he was called the Boomer and first base was indisputably his bag. It's the evening of July 21 past. The occasion is the first inning of the 1981 Mexican League All-Star Game. Some 10,000 fans have assembled under the lights of El Parque del Seguro Social (Social Security Park) to watch the Northern Zone play the Southern Zone. Scott is the first baseman for the Mexico City Tigers—Los Tigres of the Western Division of the Southern Zone in the 16-team Mexican League—and for the four months since the season began he has been tanning hide at the plate. Scott is 37 now, but he

has been playing baseball with rediscovered fire and performing to cries of "Arriba King Kong!"—his new appellation. He is loving it again, to be sure, playing the game for fun.

At the plate he waves his bat, plants his feet and strikes that familiar stance. He hunches over as the pitcher throws. It's a fastball sinking, and it cuts across the outside of the plate. Scott reaches out slightly and swings. At the crack of the bat, the ball lifts in a high arc over the first baseman, curving toward the line. Scott gallops toward first, like a timber horse advancing on a fence. The ball drops inside the line, just fair, and scoots off toward the corner. Scott rounds first, his arms pumping, and glances right. Some of the fans are on their feet, holding their tacos and beer, and as he slides into second, they cheer. Safe! Scott rises, dusting his pants, and the electric scoreboard displays the message, one that Boomer never dreamed he'd ever see: DOBLETE DE KING KONG.

Doblete de King Kong, indeed. So this is what has be-

come of old Boomer, the man who hit all those "taters" in the American League—271 home runs in all; who had 1,051 RBIs in his major league career; who appeared in three All-Star Games and one World Series; who won eight Gold Gloves at first base, who used to sit in the Fenway clubhouse after a game, his forearms propped on a table, eating a mile a minute, a meal a moment, his gold teeth flashing and his laugh booming. Before Manager Don Zimmer finally lowered the boom on the Boomer in 1979, Scott had collected his most vivid memories with Boston. But Scott also owns several copies of a baseball card that shows him in the New York Yankee uniform he had wanted to wear since he was a kid. One card sits in a shoe box at his home on Cape Cod, another he keeps in his Mexico City hotel room. And he still has that piece of gold, the letter "B" fashioned in script, fastened to his right front tooth. Every time he brushes his teeth a mirror reminds him he was once the Boomer.

"Nobody could have ever told me I'd end up in the Mexican League," Scott says. "Somebody had told me that, I would have knocked him out."

But there he is. Gone are the days of the \$250,000-a-year salary, the first trips by jet from major league city to major league city, the spacious clubhouses, the well-lit, well-kept playing fields, the big hotels and fancy restaurants on the road—the life he came to know in the bigs. After being dumped by both the Red Sox and the Kansas City Royals, he finished the 1979 season with the Yankees, hitting .318 in 16 games, and all at once found that his 14-year career as a major-leaguer was over. Today he makes \$6,000 a month, frequently travels by bus, plays on rough, dim fields, lives in less commodious hotels and eats in towns where the water, more than the opposing pitchers, is the hazard. Where once he played in Boston, Chicago and New York, he now hits the high spots of Campeche, Chihuahua and Coahuilcos, the kind of places where restive fans are said to have thrown rattlesnakes into the visitors' dugout.

continued



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Scott had been a stranger in places before, but never so strange a stranger as he has found himself to be in parts of Mexico. In the city of Campeche not long ago, while taking a stroll with teammate Carlos Ros, he noticed that a small girl kept running around behind him and looking at the seat of his pants, as if they were split. Scott asked Ros what she was looking for. "Probably your tail," he said.

Scott still laughs about it. He finds that comes easier these days, looking back and laughing, for not only has he come to terms with what happened to him—on the field and off—but also feels he has begun to fashion from the drift and confusion of the last few years a sense of place and a permanence in his life.

The Mexican League is designated Triple A, but it seems closer to Double A ball. Scott abides it and the rigors of the summer heat—not in the hope of returning to the majors, an old dream he regards now as remote, but rather to make enough to live on while earning a chance to manage Los Tigres one day. The president and field manager of the team, Chito Garcia, plans to move up to the front office at the end of the season, and he and the team's owner, Mexico City businessman Alejo Peralta, have said they are considering Scott for the manager's job. "He looks like a possible leader," says Garcia, 57. "He's trying to help my

boys. He's been an example for the team. People know him and respect him."

Scott lives at the Hotel California in a spacious \$32-a-day suite that overlooks an adjacent wall—"I'm going to try to move and get a view of the park"—and includes two beds, a television set and a telephone, which rings frequently. It's ringing now, just as the maid knocks on the door.

"Bomo! Bomo!" Boomer bellows mysteriously to the maid, who is carrying fresh sheets. Asked what "bomo" means, he says, "Come in." The maid bemoans, sees that he's on the phone, giggles and leaves. On the phone, Scott is talking to a Mexican friend in a language he sort of invents as he goes along, an amalgam of English, Spanish and Italian that he speaks in the accent of his boyhood days in Greenville, Miss. It has plenty of "porques" and "buts" and even an occasional "mio," as in *O Sôle Mio*. The hotel operator had failed to inform Scott that the friend called earlier, and Scott is heroically trying to explain why he never returned the call. "*¿Si? El operador no se mio el teléfono. ¡Si! But no ... give ... it to me. No habla con mio. She no tell mio?*"

The language aside, Scott has made the important transitions in his own special way, having found a certain comfort and security in Mexico City. The Hotel

California, right off the turbulent Avenida Cuauhtémoc, is only two blocks from El Parque del Seguro Social, the home field of the Tigres, an easy walk that takes him past vendors who fry corn on the cob on barbecue grills and paint the corn with brushes dabbed in cream sauce. Scott generally confines his eating to the Del Mar Seafood Café, an aromatic restaurant just around the corner from the entrance to his hotel.

Scott has had periodic bouts with weight, it was a source of concern even in his youthful Red Sox days. Once, when he was playing for Dick Williams in Boston, the manager benched him for being too heavy. After Scott lost the excess weight, Williams returned him to the lineup, and the Boomer hit three home runs in two games. "I don't care if I weigh 500 pounds," Scott said at the time. "The man should play me." He weighed 225 during his last year in the majors, he says. The Mexican sun has melted his 6' 2" frame down to a more svelte 215, but he's still hefty 'round the beam.

"You think Mexico City is hot?" Scott says. "Go to Veracruz, Chihuahua, Yucatán. I might be 37, but I'm not an old 37. I proved that coming down here. You be 37 and try a 15-hour bus ride and get off and try to play nine innings. That's tough. It's tough on a man 21. But it's really nothing I can't deal with."

Scott has dealt with much the last few years, ever since the Yankees cut him adrift and not one of the 26 major league clubs invited him to spring training in 1980. There's no rancor in his voice, no bitterness expressed, but the rejection stung him and he isn't quite over it. All he knows, 1½ years later, is that somehow he survived the experience and suspects he's the better for it. "Let me explain something," Scott says matter-of-factly. "I was born poor, I was born black, and I was born in Mississippi. When you've been through that, you can deal with anything. The only thing I was ever taught was survival. The name of the game for me is survival. I'm not making big money, but I'm learning how to teach, how to manage. This is where my heart is. You can see I'm loose and free and easy. It's the first time since 1979 that I'm at peace with myself."

That he is really here, loose and free and easy in the back room of the Del Mar Café, remains for Scott one of those mysteries that haunt athletes who are gone before they think their time has

continued



In his unofficial role as elder statesman, Scott shares his wisdom with teammate Carlos Brown.



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BASEBALL continued

come. "It's no use racking your brain about it," he says. "I'll tell you one thing. It wasn't because of talent." What happened, briefly, was this.

In 1978, following a fine year in which he hit 33 home runs and knocked in 95 runs for Boston, Scott broke a finger and played much of the season hurt, ending up with only 12 homers and 54 RBIs. Marital problems, which would result in a divorce in 1980, tracked him into 1979. When Scott went into a severe early-season slump, Zimmer benched him and started to play Carl Yastrzemski at first. "He [Zimmer] quit on me early and I asked to be traded," Scott says. Boston obliged, sending him to Kansas City, but his problems had only begun. At a team meeting in Chicago one day, Royals Manager Whitey Herzog embarrassed Scott by openly criticizing him for spending time in the clubhouse during the games. Scott claims Herzog called him a loser, but Herzog denies that. Anyway, there was a shouting match, and on Aug. 17 the Royals released him.

Ten days later the Yankees picked him up, and he figured for sure that New York would take a look at him in Florida the next spring. But the Yankees obtained Bob Watson in the reentry draft, and they already had another first baseman in Jim Spencer. There was no room for Scott, and he wound up signing with the Yucatan Leones for \$4,500 a month. He hit .292 in 41 games for Yucatan, and last winter did well in Venezuela, batting .327 for the Lara Cardinales. Scott figured he'd earned his way back, but again no one invited him to spring training, even though his agent, Richman Bry, had told every big league team Scott was willing to show up at camp without a contract.

Although Scott has never stopped believing he should be in the bigs, it no longer obsesses him. After 14 summers in the major leagues, and a 15th knocking about in Yucatan, he signed last spring with the Tigres and began putting aside the thought of ever coming back. Sensing the folly of it, he turned to that other possibility. "When I got here and saw how bad they were at fundamentals," he says. "I thought, 'Maybe it's the time for me to start my second career. This would be a good place to start managing. They're weak in fundamentals, and I can help them.'"

Scott has been working with Los Tigres, Mexican and American players alike. A couple of weeks ago, in a two-

hour session that began in the clubhouse, wended its way to the dugout and ended in the batting cage. Scott talked and taught baseball to whoever would listen. He ended up explaining to Claude Westmoreland, a 28-year-old former Dodger minor-leaguer, the need for a batter to flex his knees. Westmoreland assumed his stance.

"Like this?" Westmoreland asked.

"They're still too straight," Scott said. "You have to have some flexibility. Flex, like this." Striking another pose with his bat raised, Scott said, "Look. Here's Jim Rice's hitting position. He's like this, but he doesn't stand up straight. Nobody stands up straight to hit."

Scott figures that his new sense of direction has had a good deal to do with how well he has performed on the field, accounting in some measure for the smack with which he has been hitting the ball. In the league's latest statistics last week, Scott ranked among the top four in batting (.362), home runs (18) and RBIs (81). "Now the pressures of going back to the majors are off of me," he says. "Maybe that's why I'm doing so well here. I'm thinking of baseball 100 percent." And, despite the sometimes difficult conditions, he has even been having a time of it on the road. A few weeks ago, following a 2½-hour bus ride from Yucatán to Campeche, he had lunch with Westmoreland. Later they killed time in a stroll through town. They headed down a back street and came upon a park where some children were pitching pesos to a line 10 feet away, while others were shining shoes. Two shoeshine boys approached him.

"Thirty pesos," said one boy.

"You?" Scott asked the other.

"Fifteen," said the boy. He got the job, and Scott paid him 30 anyway.

Scott has found his peace and place. When he started playing in Mexico City, the cries of "King Kong" offended him. "I thought they were making fun of me," he says. "In the U.S., it means black and ugly. But down here I found out they just mean you're big, you're strong, a giant among men." Or, a Gold Glover. During a game one recent evening, with a man on first, Scott picked off a hard ground ball that jumped and nearly hit him in the chest. Quickly, he spun and fired to second for the force, then dashed back to first and took the peg for the double play. The Mexicans rose and cheered. And the electric sign flashed: KING KONG. EN ACCIÓN.

END



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A drive down easy street

Local favorite Larry Nelson commuted to his victory in the PGA Championship

This being the year for quiet men to win the major golf championships, most of the suspense in Atlanta last Sunday centered around the possibility of Larry Nelson tipping his cap after he

strolled away with the PGA title. Alas, he did. Right there on the 18th green of the Atlanta Athletic Club. Larry's emotional display lasted almost two seconds after he had taken the last of the season's majors by four strokes in much the same way that Tom Watson won the Masters, David Graham the U.S. Open and Bill Rogers the British Open. Nelson drove into most of the fairways and played solid irons into soft greens, making it look as if he were playing a different game from everyone else. All in all, Nelson stayed as far away from the golf course's problems as Acworth, Ga., where he lives. A commuter won this 63rd PGA. In the end, his biggest problem was traffic.

Nelson, who is a fine player and needs to make no apologies for his swing or shot-making ability, started winning the tournament on the second nine holes of Thursday's first round. He shot three under par on the back side that day and stood within four strokes of Bob Murphy, whose 66 led. He then fired a 66 of his own on Friday that drew him to within one shot of Murphy after 36 holes. But it was still another 66 on Saturday that catapulted him into the four-stroke lead he had to go out and protect on Sunday. The way Larry was playing, there seemed little doubt in anyone's mind that he would be able to do it and give the home folks something to whoop about until Herschel Walker takes his first pitchout for the Georgia Bulldogs.

The nearest anyone could get to Nelson in the final 18 was three strokes, and it was never that close very long because of the trouble that kept befalling those in pursuit. There was a great deal of trou-

ble on the Athletic Club layout, brutal rough, much length here and there, beckoning forests on the back nine and water galore. Double and triple bogeys were there to grab you, and they grabbed just about everybody but Nelson at one time or another.

Larry calmly marched along at even par for 10 holes on Sunday, and at this point Fuzzy Zoeller, with a new hairdo to fit his name—a perm—was the same four shots away that he had been on the 1st tee. Something disastrous was going to have to happen to Nelson, or everyone but Larry's fellow Georgians could go to sleep.

Nelson flirted with danger only twice from there to the clubhouse. At the 470-yard, par-4 11th he struck one of his rare bad shots, a four-wood second that started left and went left. He found himself far off the green and facing a difficult pitch to get out of the hole with a bogey. He couldn't even have considered a par. He executed that pitch and did, in fact, get away with a bogey. With his lead chopped to three strokes going to the 13th, Larry did that thing he had been doing all week. He made a birdie. And when Zoeller stumbled to a bogey, Nelson quickly had a five-shot lead.

The 415-yard, par-4 14th hole, not the most difficult on the course, now became the most crucial of the day—and the championship. Nelson hit a peculiar tee shot, a slice. For him, that's peculiar. When he goes bad, he hooks. But he was overcompensating and, after all, trying to play safe and protect a lead is often the toughest thing for a golfer to do.

In the woods, Nelson unwisely decided to play over the trees, caught a high limb and found himself in deeper trouble. He was behind a clump of trees with no clear shot to the green. It looked like a double bogey for sure, and with water hazards up ahead, there could still be a contest. Here, Nelson benefited from a free drop from ground under repair; it didn't take him around the trees but gave him just enough of an opening to the green if he were capable of hitting a

continued



Nelson used four eyes to put together his four-stroke win

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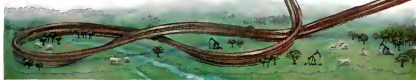
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nerveless and fairly marvelous pitch shot. Nelson did exactly that, putting the ball on the green and escaping with a bogey instead of something horrible. On 15, 17 and 18, the water holes, Nelson gave himself so much room, you thought he might be aiming at Waycross or Macon. With the water to the right, he was far to the left off the 15th tee, but chipped up nicely to save par. At the par-3 17th, he was well over the pond fronting the green. And at the 18th he hit his second shot over the water and the green into a rear bunker, but again got up and down for par—and a closing round of one-over 71.

Nelson could have stayed in that bunker for half an hour and still won. Happiness is knowing you can afford a triple bogey and yet collect your first major.

Bunkers are part of Nelson's life, and not just the ones he knew in Vietnam as an artillery observer. Earlier this year at Greensboro, Nelson gained the most miraculous victory of the season.

He arrived at the 72nd hole two strokes behind Mark Hayes, the leader, and was in a bunker with a blind shot to the flag, while Hayes was on the green. You can't win a tournament when you're in the bunker and two shots behind the man who's on the green, but Nelson did. He holed out the bunker shot, Hayes three-putted, they went into sudden death, and Larry won on the second extra hole.

After walking off the final green Sunday in Atlanta, Nelson said, "It helped for me to be paired with Fuzzy. I like his attitude about the game, his sense of humor. He kept both of us loose, whether I looked like it or not."

Fuzzy began loosening up the locker room before the last round. Jerry Pate, who had won the U.S. Open on the same course in 1976, had a comment about Zoeller's new hairdo.

"I've seen more hair on the back of my dog," said Pate.

"Yeah?" Fuzzy said. "How about you? Ever seen a bald-headed dog?"

On the end of that, Nelson came into the locker room carrying his golf bag, having driven the hour and a half from Acworth.

"Hey, Nelly, if you tote that thing yourself, I'll have a shot at you today," Fuzzy yelled.

Nelson grinned and kept walking. He didn't grin again until the last hole, not so much that anyone could tell, anyhow. Thus gave him something more in common with Graham, who had put the U.S.

Open at Merion into a snooze, and Rogers, who split so many fairways at Sandwich that the British Open became a bore. Graham waltzed home by three strokes in Philadelphia, and Rogers buried everyone by four strokes in England, and now Nelson had done it to the PGA field by four strokes with his 273, seven under par.

This was a lower winning total than anyone expected, and the soft greens were the reason. The greens weren't just soft from the rain that twice delayed play on Thursday and Friday. They are bent-grass greens, and bent-grass greens in the South are bound to be soft. This sometimes doesn't favor the more skilled ball hitters. It's an equalizer. Going into soft, holding greens, you simply have to hit the ball solid and have the right distance; you don't have to play "talent" shots with the irons.

To some extent, the soft greens at Atlanta explained the scoreboard that continually lacked a certain marquee value: Jack Nicklaus did tie for fourth, but he was never a factor. Tom Watson missed the cut for the first time in a major since the '79 Open. Three noteworthy chaps, Arnold Palmer, Gary Player and Bill Rogers, didn't make the cut until Sunday morning when, in the rain-delayed finish of the second round, Lou Graham triple bogeyed the last hole and Brad Bryant double bogeyed it.

Dart-throwing greens had nothing to do with why Lee Trevino missed the cut and everything else after a first-round 74. That happened because he failed to sign his scorecard. One reason he didn't was that Tom Werskopf signed it for him. There was much confusion in the scoring tent after Trevino, Werskopf and Lanny Wadkins completed their round. The cards were passed back and forth and numbers were corrected. Werskopf signed all three cards and Lanny signed two of them. Trevino thought he signed his card, but didn't. The error escaped notice until later in the day, when Trevino was automatically disqualified.

"I don't have anybody to blame but myself," Lee said.

"Yes, you do," Werskopf said, feeling guilty. "You can blame me."

"Ah, hell, Tom, you get blamed for too many things as it is," Trevino replied.

After that, it was Nelson's week. As he stood out there Sunday afternoon in the 18th fairway facing a three-iron shot



The perennially fuzzy Zoeller hoisted second

over the water and all those Georgians, he knew there was only one way he could lose—by hitting a couple of balls into the lake.

"If I'd had a one-shot lead, that's probably what I'd have done," he said. "I'm a choker. But the big lead allowed me to tell myself I was man enough to hit that three-iron over the water."

Larry was man enough to do far more than that, even though he kept most of it to himself.

END

Murphy sat on the lead for the first two days



Jack Brett looked up from his crossword puzzle. "When he was 17 and a senior in high school..." He frowned. "That's when it really struck me."

That's when baseball scouts had begun haunting the night games at Recreation Park in El Segundo, Calif. to watch Jack Brett's son play. "Really important people were coming to watch," he said, a tea kettle hissing on the kitchen range behind him. "I went to a game one time and somebody said, 'Casey Stengel is in the stands today to see him.' Yogi Berra was there. Bobby Doerr of the Red Sox was there. Another time, Carl Hubbell came to see him." Jack Brett's eyes didn't twinkle and he didn't smile, but his voice dropped down low. "I thought, 'God. Maybe he's good.'"

He stared at the ponderous leather-bound scrapbooks on the table and finally did smile, a little. "He could run so fast. The scouts who saw him play the outfield said they never saw him make a wrong move. They never saw him throw to the wrong base. He had a knack for playing the outfield." Jack shrugged. "He was Mr. America—it was almost like he was a man among boys. And he had a knack for doing the right thing. He was very modest. He was quiet. He was somebody you could be proud of." Jack looked down at a picture of his gifted son—no more than a schoolboy at the time—posing for photographers at his first World Series. "I always wanted him to play for the Yankees," the Brooklyn-born father *continued*

The Brothers Brett with their father, Jack, in his El Segundo home: George, John, Bobby and Ken



Jack Brett didn't ask too much of his four sons as they grew up—only that they be the best there was in everything they ever did

by **JOHN GARRITY**

LOVE AND



HATE IN EL SEGUNDO

THE BRETTs

continued

admitted. "And I wanted him to replace Mickey Mantle."

The next day a coach at El Segundo High School smiled when asked if Jack Brett's memory could be *that* good? Had this Brett boy been *that* good?

"There's no doubt about it," the coach said. "We haven't had any athlete go through the school who could compare with Ken Brett."

Jack Brett, 58, has a reputation for hardness—his four boys grew up chafing under his sometimes cold and demanding discipline—but he is almost rapturous when he talks of his second-born, Ken. "He looked like the statue of David when he was growing up," Jack says. "When he was just a little boy, his stomach was so strong that you could see the plates, the muscles. Even when he was five! People used to say, 'My God, look at the development on that kid.'"

Brett's sons are a major reason why bumper stickers in El Segundo proclaim the town BASEBALL CITY USA. A financial director for an automotive company, Jack has fathered four professional ballplayers, two of them major league All-Stars. And one of them is quite likely to wind up with a bronze plaque at Cooperstown.

Funny thing, though. Nobody expected it to be George Brett.

"With Ken you always knew he was going to be a star," says Bobby Brett, 31. "He wasn't just 'the best guy on the team. He was always the best guy in the league by far. He was Southern California Player of the Year two times in his division. He was a superstar in a competitive hotbed of baseball."

He was more. Think back to St. Louis, Oct. 8, 1967, the fourth game of the World Series. A light rainfall has begun in the eighth inning with the score 6-0 in favor of the Cardinals. The Red Sox—their hitters overwhelmed by the fastballs of the glowering Bob Gibson, their pitching staff depleted by injuries—have sent a 19-year-old kid from California to the mound. He's the youngest pitcher ever to perform in a World Series. The Red Sox call him Kemer, pronounced kemmer, because when he was born, his older brother couldn't pronounce Kenneth. In Oneonta, N.Y., where he reported for



duty barefoot, fans of the Red Sox Class A farm club know him as Shoeless Ken Brett. And in Pittsfield, Mass., where he hurled 15 complete games and had a 1.80 ERA, they call him the first good left-hander in the Red Sox organization since Mel Parnell.

Nineteen years old. Warmups. Butterflies. \$4,575 fans. National television. Mike Shannon digging in at the plate. And then everything speeds up for the excited youngster: Shannon (a foul out!), Javier (a strikeout!), Maxvill (a walk), Gibson (a groundout!). Seventeen pitches and a giddy stroll to the dugout, triumphant. "Except for one walk," *The New York Times* reports the next morning. "He set down the Cardinals more handily than the older, wiser and sadder men on the Boston staff today."

The praise is echoed by his solemn teammates, who have little to celebrate. "This boy Brett," gushes Red Sox Catcher Elston Howard, "is as fast as Bob Turley was in his prime. I also think he's as fast as Koufax was."

The Brett family was in St. Louis that day—Jack, his wife, Ethel, the three

Brett brothers—along with Kemer's high school coach, John Stevenson. For dinner they went to Stan Musial's restaurant. They gawked at the bats and trophies in the cases, rejoiced in the noise and confusion, and then indulged in a sense of importance when Ken, slickly attired in coat and tie—and shoes—said, "Ken Brett has a reservation." The crowd parted for them as they were shown to their table. "I imagine it made an impression on Ken's brothers," says Jack.

It did. "Here we are in the same lobby with George Scott and Jim Lonborg," Bobby remembers, his eyes getting wide, "and there's our brother Ken! I said, 'Jeez, I'd like to be one of those guys!'"

There was something fascinating and robust about the Brett family—the dark, thin, intense accountant father with the Brooklyn accent; his tall, animated wife (whom he divorced in 1975); and the four athletic brothers, playful, argumentative, almost boisterous. The dream would end bitterly for the oldest brother, John, his will thwarted in an Iowa town called Waterloo. The second brother, Ken, would achieve a measure of glory in a career



George (right) has replaced Ken as star of the family, but he will always be the kid brother.

that has never fulfilled its expectations. The third brother, Bobby, an opportunist, would find success and wealth outside baseball. The youngest brother, wearing the uniform of the Kansas City Royals, would one day look into the satiny void of a television camera at the 1976 All-Star Game in Philadelphia, his impish smile punctuated by a gap between his two front teeth, and say, "Hi, I'm George Brett. I'm Ken Brett's little brother."

The Bretts lived at 628 Penn Street in El Segundo, which is adjacent to the L.A. airport, halfway up the hill on a narrow tree-lined street. It's a neighborhood of modest homes with small yards nearly overgrown with shade trees, flower beds and flowering shrubs. The Brett house was stucco with red brick wainscoting. A dormer window in the garage roof belonged to John, who sometimes snuck out late at night and got into fights with his rowdy friends, and Ken, who did not.

The street at the top of the hill is Mariposa. From there, the Brett boys could

look down on the playing fields of Recreation Park, situated on the floor of a narrow valley bordering the flaming stacks and pipeline manarets of the Standard Oil refinery. A few blocks north of Rec Park is El Segundo High School, with extensive athletic facilities of its own—a football stadium and track, baseball practice fields and cages, two scoreboards.

The Brett family practically lived at Rec Park during the summer. Ethel, the "team mother," had a special feeling for George, her youngest. She sometimes worked the concession stand. Jack kept score or announced. They often sat on opposite sidelines at games, presumably because Jack tended to smolder when his sons failed to live up to his expectations. "When you talk to Jack today," reflects one of George's former high school teammates, "he's a class guy. But at that time we always thought he was a jerk."

Well, there are milder ways of putting it. "My father was an enforcer," says George. "My mother was a lover, the thread that held the family together." Ken compares it to an interrogation "with a tough guy and a nice guy. My mother wasn't a disciplinarian. She's a lamb."

Ethel didn't come by that role accidentally. Remarried now and living in El Segundo, she admits she felt a need in those days to be the more encouraging parent. Inevitably, perhaps, Jack's overbearing ways with the children became a source of contention in their marriage.

If George had a bad game, Jack would drive him home in icy silence. "Jack was moody," concedes Scott McGregor, who so often stole the limelight from his teammate George, and later became a 20-game winner for the Orioles. "He walked around a lot during a game. One time he'd say 'hi' to you and the next time he'd walk right past you. He was hard on his kids, very intense," McGregor shrugs. "But my dad pushed me, too. That's the way of life in El Segundo." According to his sons, though, Jack was an unusually vocal father. "He was very protective," Ken remembers. "If people were getting on us for playing bad, Dad would go over and threaten them. He'd say, 'I'm gonna kill you.'"

But he was toughest on his kids, and sometimes his perfectionism transcended reason. "One of the things I resented about my dad," John says, "was I didn't think he knew what he was talking about. He was in the service and he played a little softball, but he didn't know — about baseball. He might think he's a connoisseur of baseball right now, but I still think he doesn't know —. When I see my dad at the baseball game and George's playing, I can stand next to him, but if Kemer's pitching and they're hitting Kemer . . . well, even if you don't know my dad, you don't ever want to stand next to him. That's how bitter he is. I mean, he thinks it's a piece of cake going out there and throwing the ball by Rod Carew or somebody. Which isn't so. I think if he had played, he'd understand a little more."

The Brett brothers' coach at El Segundo, John Stevenson, knows Jack Brett well. Stevenson's hair is fading from blond to white now—he was 31 years old when John captained his El Segundo team—and he walks with the upright bearing of the veteran baseball man. He would look as comfortable managing the Yankees as he does managing his perennial championship high school teams. "I think there was fear of wasting their talents," Stevenson said one spring night in the press box behind home plate at Rec Park. "I can tell you—he really loved those kids." The scourges of drugs and alienation had begun to frighten parents in the late '60s, and El Segundo, despite its physical isolation, its Shangri-La quality, suffered the same generation conflict that pained the nation. "I remember Jack called up Kemer once after seeing him on TV. He said—Stevenson mimicked Jack's sharp voice, squinting—"Cut your hair!" He leaned back in his chair, smiling. "Have you noticed Jack's appearance? Shoes always shined. Clothes always right." He laughed and shook his head. "George used to drive him crazy. T-shirt, shoes with no socks."

It figures, then, that George, of all the brothers, most resented Jack's protectiveness. "I hated my dad," he says flatly. "He'd say, 'Bobby wouldn't do this,' or 'Kemer wouldn't do that.' I was intimidated. I was scared to death of him."

continued

THE BRETTs

continued

More than once George has told this story: how he struck out twice in one game and endured that short but painful drive up Mariposa with a silent, furious father behind the wheel. "I remember I got out of the car in my uniform, my head hanging," George says, "and the next thing I felt was a foot coming right up my ass! For embarrassing the family." George

shakes his head. "That's probably where I got my hemroids."

"My dad maybe treated George a little bit different," Bobby says. "Ken was a good student, a model kid. And basically Dad had no problems with me; he knew I was going to make it. He was harder on George. George couldn't do anything right for him." Bobby shrugs. "But George was lazy, lacked motivation. If he hadn't made it in baseball, he might have had some problems. George needed somebody to get on his butt a lot."

"Did my dad tell you about his childhood?" George retorts.

"I had a good childhood," Jack Brett says very deliberately. "I had an excellent childhood. I was born in 1923, in Brooklyn. We never lacked for anything. My father was a 'Chief Clerk' on Wall Street and got paid well, which at that time was \$40 or \$50 a week. That's when other people were making \$20 a week or not making anything at all. We always lived in a very nice house and my mother was never allowed to have hamburger for dinner. It was chicken or steak or roast beef or leg of lamb. He insisted on that."

"He sort of left me alone. He never wanted me to work and he always made sure I had money in my pocket. Money was, like, 50¢." Baseball? Jack chuckles. "I never made the team," he says. "I always liked the Yankees. I always hated the Dodgers."

"I quit high school and went to work in a factory, in a very large machine shop. And when I was 18 the war came along and I joined the Army, and I was in the Army till 1945. I had been wounded—shot in the leg in France. Afterward, I went to Pace College in New York and got a degree in business administration. I got married in 1945 and began to do well as an accountant. John was born in Brooklyn. Ken, too. Bobby. But George was born in West Virginia...."

"He used to steal cars," George says, sounding more amused than judgmental. "He used to get in a lot of scrapes. I think he just didn't want us to be like him."

Or like John, 34, for whom adolescence was a war zone. "John was never a real good student," Ken says. "He just liked to go out and fight. He was 6'2" and strong, he could clean your clock. But sometimes..."—Ken grimaces, remem-

bering the times his big brother came home bruised and bleeding—"... sometimes he'd just be destroyed. My father didn't like that. And I didn't want that." John, in particular, seemed to act out a kind of working-class rebellion, emulating the hard ways of the men who streamed in and out of the Standard Oil refinery gates.

"John's the craziest," agrees Jamie Quirk, George's Kansas City teammate and best friend. Quirk remembers a night in 1974 when some of the Brett tension spilled over on the sidewalk in front of an El Segundo bar. "It was the night before Thanksgiving and we were in George's area, where they grew up. We were out drinking and had started pretty early in the afternoon. At about eight o'clock George went to make a call at a pay phone right outside the bar, and his brother Johnny said, 'What are you doing? Where are you going?'"

"George said, 'I'm going to call up this girl.' So he goes out. And Johnny didn't like it. He thought George was going to leave us and go with some chick, and he'd be left alone drinking. So it ended up in heated words and they actually started fighting." Quirk stops. "I tried to break it up, and I probably got beat up worse than those two."

John's fights, according to his brothers, have never been the type that end in a couple of glancing haymakers and a muttered apology. The El Segundo police, on this occasion, were summoned to corral the flailing and grunting brothers and haul the whole bunch to jail. "They put Johnny in one cell and George in another," Quirk says, "and asked me all the questions. So I call up Bobby, and Bobby comes down to the jail. This is like half an hour later."

"They go, 'O.K., we're going to release one of them. Which one do you want?'"

"We go, 'O.K., give us George.'" Quirk begins to laugh. "And John is in the other cell going crazy. He's ready to kill Bobby, ready to kill George, he's ready to kill me!"

George doesn't challenge Quirk's memory. "We were in separate cells," he says, "but John was going to bend the bars to get at me. They wanted to let us out one hour apart." The next day, when John arrived for the family's Thanksgiving dinner, George began shadow-boxing, taunting his older brother.

continued



John (above), the oldest, has to see the line; laid-back Bobby is a busy wheeler-dealer.





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THE BRETTS

continued

"I said, 'Come on! Come on! You're going down!' That's John's expression—'You're going down.' " What finally went down, once the family was gathered around the table, was the turkey.

"They've been that way their whole life," Quirk says, marveling at their fights and quick patchups. "They can be real crude to each other, real crude."

"John hasn't changed very much," Jack explains. "There's a natural pecking order in my family. John was the king and Ken was very mild. But when John wasn't around, Ken was the king. Whoever was the king would lord it over the others. There's a closeness between John and George because John always protected George. If he wasn't around and Bobby hit George, John would come home and hit Bobby. John would kick him in the rear end and say, 'Don't hit George. He's my brother and I love him.' John thought he could rule the roost. He still feels that way. He's big and strong. He feels that the others should listen to him."

"It's very hard to say why John's different," George says. "He has different ideas of fun." Some attribute the difference to a disturbance in the pecking order dating back to 1964, when John was the captain of his high school baseball team and younger brother Ken was the star. "Kemer was a little divisive within the family," Coach Stevenson says. "He was so good that you could see he was going to be a major league player. John was immediately known as Kemer's big brother, and it drove him crazy. It would come out if John had a bad day." Bobby concurs: "It wasn't like George ever stole my spotlight, but Ken stole the spotlight from John. And John didn't handle it too well."

John only partly agrees, seeing his anger rooted more in family than in baseball. "Me and my dad didn't hit it off too great," he says, "but we always loved each other. We still do. But it seemed whatever I did, I always got the ration of crap. I got in a lot of scrapes growing up. I was the only one who did a lot of fighting in high school. Not gang fighting, but Mike Battle and I would go to a party, and if somebody would give us any trouble, here's Mike in a fight and I'm right alongside him. He was only like 170 pounds and about 5' 11", but Mike would never back down. I don't care how big the guy was. I wasn't one to back down,

either. And that's the way I guess my dad was when he was growing up. At least he kind of conveys that to us. It was kind of bad there for a while."

It seemed unfortunate, to those who knew him then, that John couldn't channel his aggressiveness into professional sports. His baseball career ended in 1968 at the Class A level in the Red Sox system—shortened by injury, a teen-age marriage and the responsibilities of raising an infant son. He admits that his release by Waterloo was a crushing disappointment. "It was real bad," he recalls. "That's probably the worst day of my life so far. I got hurt and I wasn't hitting good ... and they released me. Looking back at it, I know I didn't have the talent. But I had the desire." He sighs. "I just came back home and went to work. Had to face life." His best friend, Battle, went to USC and became a wild-man kick-return specialist for the Super Bowl champion Jets in 1969 and '70—a workingman's folk hero, throwing elbows and straight-arms, bloodying noses, lunging into bone-crunching tackles on the dead run. Back home, John hammered nails on construction projects. Football provided an outlet for Battle's brawling tendencies; the El Segundo police attended to John's.

George is still the closest to John; Bobby and Ken gain a distance from their older brother that borders on alienation. George sees that distance as a consequence of John's occupation as a framing

contractor. "He's married; he's got a wife and kids," George says. "He has obligations. He works from 6 a.m. till 4 p.m. and he's tired. But we"—the three wealthy, independent brothers who maintain a vacation retreat on a Palm Springs golf course—"... we can do anything we want. Go wherever we want. We'll say, 'Let's go to Las Vegas this afternoon.'" George looks frustrated. "But John can't. He thinks, 'The sonsabitches are going to Palm Springs for the weekend!' It's difficult to accept that."

"It's not that I can't afford to," John responds, pointing out that he and a business partner share a Palm Springs condo of their own in the same complex as the Brett bachelors, "but I've got 20 guys working for me and I just can't take off anytime I want. I'd love to. I've only been able to go there once with all of them during the week. It's hard to tell you how good a time it is. We're all out there drinking a couple of beers, hitting golf balls over condos and stuff. It's really fun." Instead, John gets to the job site at 6 a.m., about the hour work begins, and reads the sports pages, his eyes jumping from column to column for news of his brothers. "If George does well that day or Kemer does good, I'm real happy," he says. "If they do bad, I'm kind of grumpy."

Trying to appraise John, Ken can't help citing the example of Battle. Recalling Battle's antics in the NFL, Ken says,

Here at Rec Park, Jack and El Segundo Coach Stevenson recall the glory days of the Brett brothers.



"He used to eat glass, tear his clothes off in bars. But he's a real family man now, living out in the boomies in Texas. Two nice kids, a nice wife, doesn't touch a drop of alcohol. Mike's made a complete turnaround." Ken shrugs. "My brother hasn't." Ken offers the judgment in flat, settled tones, but he doesn't like to leave a false impression. "Don't think I don't care about my brother John," he adds with an earnest look. "I still do. John had a tough childhood. Dad was tough on him." Ken looks away. "But you can't be chasing something you've never going to catch."

Ken's chase has been more successful. His father's old scrapbooks sparkle with the names of rising young stars from the El Segundo area: basketball's Paul Westphal; Battle and Jim Obradovich in football; major-leaguers Dave LaRoche, McGregor, the Bretts. But Ken, now 32, was in a class by himself. "I've never seen a kid idolized the way Ken was," Jack says. Ken was the best hitter of the Brett brothers and started in the outfield when he wasn't pitching. He was a high school football star until he broke his leg his junior year, and he also played basketball. In 1964 he pitched a 10-0 no-hitter over New Orleans in the quarterfinals of the Babe Ruth World Series. Not one ball was hit out of the infield. Ken was a disciplined youngster, too, a good student. But shy and constrained.

Last spring Ken buttoned up his Hawaiian shirt in the deserted Royals clubhouse in Fort Myers, smiling at Bobby's memory of him as a 19-year-old World Series hero—a titan with a fancy car, beautiful girls at his elbow, money in his pocket. "Twenty dollars was a lot in those days," Ken said. "He didn't tell you that 10 days later I was in the Army and they forgot all about me." He slipped his feet into a pair of sandals. "That was a humbling experience. Those guys in the Army didn't care about the World Series. They wanted me in the kitchen with a shovel in my hand."

This is Ken's 14th major league season and the Royals are his 16th major league club. He has figured in trades involving 22 players and has been signed three times as a free agent. He sometimes sits by himself in the clubhouse with a vacant—or reflective—look, in the manner of veteran pitchers who have wasted too many days of their lives waiting for their next turn. But he looks no

older than his famous younger brother, and the copy of *Architectural Digest* in his locker suggests that his travels have not put his mind to sleep. In big cities, he is known to favor the art galleries of a morning, and those who look past the strong family resemblance—he has been mistaken for, and interviewed as, George—note features slightly softer and a manner more reserved and introspective.

"I went right to spring training and started throwing the ball too hard," he said, recalling his return to civilian life in 1968. "I was young, trying to impress people. I wanted to stay with the Red Sox. But I wound up in Triple A and pitched eight innings the first time out." He shook his head ruefully. "I should have known better." In his second outing Ken lasted seven innings. "The next time," he said, "I couldn't throw 20 feet."

He pitched only 29 innings for Louisville in 1968, and forever after his left elbow would plague him, through surgery in 1974, through drug therapy, chiropractic manipulations and finally acupuncture. He would never win more than 13 games in a season (he was 13-9 in 1973 and '74 for Philadelphia and Pittsburgh). But when the pain abated, he showed the stuff that had inflamed the scouts: 155 strikeouts in 139 innings for the 1970 Red Sox; winning pitcher for the National League in the 1974 All-Star Game; 16 complete games and a 3.31 ERA for the 1976 White Sox. Still, it is hard not to think of his career as wasted. The emergence of George as a great hitter has been a poignant footnote to the career of Ken, who has logged only 347 at bats in the majors. The figures are tantalizing: a .262 batting average, 18 doubles, 10 home runs, 44 runs batted in. Ken holds just one major league record for a pitcher, and it's for hitting. As a Philie, he once hit home runs in four consecutive games.

Jack says, "When he was 21 and wasn't doing too well, I said, 'Ken, why don't you tell 'em you want to play the outfield?' And he said, 'I'd have to go back to the minors and start over again.' I asked him again much later, and he said, 'It's my pride now. I want to do well as a pitcher.'"

Ken also said he can appreciate the



Felbl tried to be the more understanding Brett parent.

irony that he, who had once overshadowed his older brother, John, now has seen his glories dimmed by the feats of little brother George. Fortunately, he has had time to get used to it. He remembered George's first playoff game, Game 1 of the 1976 American League championship series. Billy Martin, the Yankee manager who had traded Ken to the White Sox earlier in the season, yelled, "Your brother's a —!" when George came to the plate in the fourth inning. George stared into the Yankee dugout, shocked. Then he stepped into the box and riled a Catfish Hunter pitch into rightfield for a single. In the seventh inning, Martin again yelled, "Your brother's a —!" and Brett ripped another single. In the ninth, Brett singled hard again. "Your brother's a —!" Martin yelled.

"Every time I came to bat," said a dejected George, sitting in the clubhouse after the Royals had lost 4-1. "That's really high class, really a tribute to baseball." But when a reporter asked if his desire to beat the Yankees was enhanced because of their treatment of his brother, George just shook his head. "If I had a grudge against every team that traded my

continued

THE BRETTs

continued

brother," he replied, "I'd have a grudge against every team in baseball."

Touche

Four summers later, while George was launching his assault on the 400 barrier and getting his uniform dirty in Lifeway commercials, Ken found himself out of baseball, tanning himself by his Hermosa Beach, Calif. condominium. "I thought it was over," he admits, reflecting on his springtime (1980) release by the Los Angeles Dodgers. "I hurt my arm pretty bad on March 12th, and on March 27th they released me." The hammer had fallen fast and heavy, he thought, considering his 30 relief appearances, 4-3 record and 3.45 ERA for the Dodgers in 1979. "I know this is a business," he says. "Still, you can show compassion, and I thought they'd done it the wrong way. If you're going to tell a girl you don't love her, you don't tell her, 'Get out of my life.' " Still, he had tried to face the future realistically. "My arm was legitimately injured. It was hanging on. I was tired of knocking on people's doors, so I laid on the beach all summer, not doing anything baseball-wise. I jogged. But I didn't look at a box score. Didn't want to." With rest, his elbow healed, and when the Royals, starved for lefthanded pitching, made their offer on Aug. 18, Kemer accepted. He pitched in a minor league uniform, for Omaha, for the first time in over a decade, and then it was a repeat of his rookie season with the Red Sox: Brought up by the Royals for a late-season look, he pitched 13 innings without giving up a run and earned a place on the roster for the playoffs and World Series.

But this time he didn't pitch. He was in the bullpen, looking up, when George's pennant-winning homer off Goose Gosage landed in the upper rightfield tier of Yankee Stadium. He betrayed no jealousy; he seemed grateful just to be in uniform that night to share George's happiness. "I think you can ask any older player," he says. "The older they get, the more they enjoy the game." For Ken, just shagging balls in the outfield and pitching batting practice were pleasures borrowed against time. He looks thoughtful. "It probably borders on love."

Ken smooths his hair back. "I look in

the mirror sometimes and say, 'I'm 32 years old and I've never worked a day in my life.' "

There is work. And there is work.

The vista from Bobby Brett's office window is one of blue ocean and a curve of rocky coastline sweeping north and west from Hermosa Beach, some of the most expensive real estate in the world. He dresses casually, talks briskly and sprinkles his business calls with the dialogue of screenplay wheeler-dealers:



McGregor was once George's teammate; now he's a rival.

"He came in fair ... a million-one, a million-two ... what's the asking?" Bobby manages George's and Ken's financial holdings, and surrounds himself with young and attractive associates who dress well, live well and know how to do deals. But he made his own fortune first. "I didn't know what I was doing," he says, revealing the distinctive Brett gap in his teeth (though George has had his capped). "I started in real-estate investment in the summer of 1975, and I went in color 'turkey.' " His own bid for baseball stardom had stalled in 1972 at the Class A level of the Royals organization, and he couldn't see wasting a decade in dimly lit ball parks and creaking buses. "I said, 'If I don't move up a league every year, I better hang it up.' They had guys that were younger than me, who

were bigger, stronger, faster"—his eyebrows shoot up—"and got money to sign." He shrugs. "It wasn't the end of the world."

Bobby taught for a year at a predominantly black high school—"I envisioned myself as a coach"—but suffered from classroom frustration and student harassment, including sugar in his car's gas tank. "I wasn't really qualified to do anything," he confesses. So he turned to real estate. In a few short years he had traded in his old car for a Mercedes 450SEL, his old digs for a \$350,000 condominium on the beach, and his old—well, he would trade almost anything.

"It was originally Ken and I," he says, relaxing at home. His arms are draped on the back of a modular couch; sunlight streams in through the sliding glass doors to his deck. "Then it was one-third each, with George in it." He waves a hand to take in the building, including Ken's condo next door. "This little piece of sand is worth \$900,000."

Bobby lives in the present tense. The temptation with Ken or George—with any ballplayer—is to dwell on his grand and poignant moments, to apply the sepia tones of myth to his life. Bobby won't stand for that.

"Bobby is a salesman," George says, signifying by a stern look that this is an understatement. "He's always making deals. His great line is 'Look, if you don't buy it, I will. I'm giving you the first chance!'"

"He's the only one my parents put through college," Ken says.

Bobby's friends remember him as a trash child capable of insinuating himself into any desired position. If he had cheap seats to see the Lakers at The Forum, he inevitably ended up court-side. If he went to Dodger Stadium with his dad and brothers, he somehow lied his way into the press box and copped free food and press handouts.

"Bobby's very well organized," Jack says. "When he was 13, he would allocate his time—to sports or to studies. One Saturday morning, while we were waiting for breakfast, he was diagramming football plays. I said, 'What are you doing, Bob?' And he said, 'I'm diagramming football plays.' I said, 'Well, don't you know

them all?" And he said, "I'm diagraming every guy's assignment." That's the way he approached sports. Bobby's a recognized leader."

As befits a leader, Bobby is accorded rank. "We call him The General," John says. "Bobby's always telling everybody what to do. He says, 'O.K., we're going to dinner here!' When George got tickets to Disneyland from the Angels, Bobby said, 'We're going to Adventureland, then Frontierland....' He told us which rides we were going on!" John wasn't surprised to learn that Bobby had ended up with complimentary tickets to the NCAA finals in Philadelphia last March. "That's nothing," he says. "He golfed in the Dinah Shore Open on a freebie from NBC Sports! Here I am, pounding two nails on the red line, and he's out golfing! That's the kind of guy Bobby is. Everybody just follows him around."

They say that Bobby wasn't altogether pleased when he unwrapped the present from his brothers last Christmas: sergeant's stripes.

"There's some tension," observes Royals Outfielder Clint Hurdle. "George tells John how to run his life. He says, 'You're terrible, you're terrible, you're in the streets, you're nothing....'" Hurdle looks amazed. "This is his older brother! This guy's huge. He's beat him up a couple of times!"

Jack Brett didn't want his other sons to follow John's path, and Ken and Bobby hadn't been so inclined. But George? There was a lot of John in George. Even today, when the grown-up George replies to frustration by hitting things... smashing a batting helmet, kicking a door, devastating a dugout washroom with a bat, swatting a photographer with a crutch, breaking glass... his outbursts invite comparison to John.

"John and George are very much alike," Jack muses. "Probably the big difference between them is that John will work very hard. John's the sort who would say, 'Come on, let's get it done. Let's keep at it.' Where George would never do that. George would say, 'Let's sit down and rest for a while.'"

Comparisons like that were always being made between George, now 28, and one of his brothers. Jack, who wielded comparisons like a whip and instilled a burning competitiveness in his sons, isn't apologetic. "Maybe I neglected George," he says. "I don't think I pushed him into

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Where did this Larry Holmes quote appear? Where else—in William Nack's article *The Man Who Would Be Champ* in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, where the dreams and dedication of an individual are as important to the story as the action in the sport he plays.

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THE BRETTES

continued

sports so much, although I thought that would be his one salvation." Jack throws up his hands. "Because when you can't read, when you can't write . . . when you don't have those skills developed to the point of other children of the same age . . . the parent begins to say, 'Well, what the hell can this kid do?' We used to just sit there, look at him and say, 'Poor George.'" Jack's voice drops to a whisper. "Poor George. What's going to happen to him?" "Cause he took shop and physics, Auto mechanics. No hard courses. Ken took four years of Spanish, four years of English, four years of biology. He would devote his time to study. Nobody had to prompt him. With George—oh God, it was an issue daily. It was always, 'George, did you do your homework?' And he'd say, 'I have no homework.'" Jack sniffs. "He probably didn't. He was taking shop."

"Of course, I hear him talk now and I'm very proud of him. He was a late bloomer. His baseball skills developed continuously, and so did his mind. I think he's very honest. Very open." Jack looks thoughtful. "He doesn't hold back."

One afternoon at Fort Myers, George leaned back in his reclining chair in the clubhouse and recalled how his father's perfectionism had haunted him into adulthood. "I called him up once from New York," George said, staring up at the ceiling in an unconscious parody of the psychoanalytic posture. "My brother was with the Pirates then, playing a doubleheader in San Diego. I think Kerner won the first game and got a hit. Then he pinch-hit and tripled off the wall in the second game. So my dad said, 'Get any hits today?'" I said, "No." He says, "George, your brother's a pitcher and he's outchitting you." And he started screaming at me on the phone." George made a face. "I just hung up the phone. Then I threw the phone against the wall, tore it out of the wall. I went and slugged the full-length mirror. Shattered it! Threw a chair against the wall. Buck Martinez was my roommate then, and poor Buck didn't know what to say." George shook his head bitterly. "He made constant comparisons. I wasn't as good as my brothers. I never would be as good as my brothers."

Of course, George didn't know that Jack was telling his other sons that George was the best ballplayer in the family. It didn't serve Jack's purpose to let his youngest son become complacent.

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THE BRETTs

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to allow him to coast for a while on his achievements.

"I knew George when he was eight years old," says Coach Stevenson. When the high school team plays at night at Rec Park, the little brothers of the varsity-players romp in the half-light on the neighboring Little League field—chasing foul balls, tackling each other, playing catch with oversized gloves. Stevenson watched all four Brett boys chase around like that, yelling shrilly and laughing, punching and wrestling each other till the tears came. "I'd watch George running around the park here, swinging the bat," Stevenson continues. "They used to call him Lou. When he came in as a ninth-grader, he was only 5' 1" and 105 pounds, and the JV coach back then had a team of 10th, 11th-graders. He wanted to cut George. I said, 'You can't cut him.' He said, 'He's just so small.' But the next year George started on his varsity. John was exactly the same. As a ninth-grader he was tiny, and as an 11th-grader he was a hulk."

Because George was almost cut from his high school team—the story has made the rounds in magazine articles, with George gaining about five pounds per article until he is remembered as a roly-poly kid—outsiders seize on the notion that he was a mediocre player. This makes it hard to explain why the Royals picked him in the second round of the 1971 free-agent draft, or why the ambidextrous youngster, as a senior, was allowed to pitch both ways in the ninth inning of a prep All-Star Game and retired the side. It was the comparison to Ken that dimmed George's early luster, some say, and the suspicion that he lacked intensity. "I thought George was the third-best player on his team," Bobby says, naming Scott McGregor as the obvious standout. Six players from George's 1971 high school team, which went 33-2, played pro ball. "The highest George ever hit in high school was 351," Bobby says, "which isn't great for high school." Jack, when asked if he suspected back then that his youngest son would one day be a star, answers quickly, "Oh, no. Not at all."

Stevenson disagrees. "He was a great player. He wasn't mediocre. That's bull." But even Stevenson has to admit, "He wasn't as intense a player as he is now."

Jack smiles at that. "Kemer was probably a hundred times more intense. Be-

fore a game, he would become almost morose. He'd drift off, thinking only about the game. George? George would be thinking about going down to the beach. Baseball was just something to do



John (above) played third and shortstop and pitched in Little League, while George caught.



because all the other guys were doing it."

Comparisons were unavoidable, Jack says. "If George wasn't eager, he was, compared to John. If he wasn't smart, he was compared to Bobby. And if he wasn't smooth, he was compared to Kemer."

Today Jack no longer questions George's playing skills. After all, as Bobby points out, "It's hard for my dad to say, 'Goddamn, you should of hit .400.'" Meanwhile, George's love of family has begun to overcome his frustration and rage. "There's a part of him, I think, that still hates his dad," Clint Hurdle says. "but George isn't the type to really hold a grudge, and I really think he can see things now from a father's standpoint. I think they've probably pulled together from that aspect. His dad realizes he might have made some mistakes, not been as close as he should. Jack's probably kicking himself in the butt for everything that went on at home. And now, to see his son do all this..." Hurdle shakes his head. "He's probably enjoying it, but can you imagine how much more he'd be enjoying it? How much prouder he could be?"

Jack doesn't deny that he has always felt closest to Ken in his glory moments. "Yeah, because Ken has been much more..." He hesitates. "Ken is a very gentle guy inside. He's very considerate. Ken is the most considerate guy in the world. Bobby a little less so... George a little less... and John a little less. That's the sequence." He struggles for an example. "Ken is the kind of guy who will call me up and say, 'I haven't taken you out to dinner for a couple of weeks. Let's go to dinner.' Or 'What time's dinner? I'm coming over.'"

"Bobby will do that occasionally. Ken does it because he feels that's the thing to do. Bobby does it because it's a meal." Jack chuckles. "It's a meal and I like to see my dad."

"George will do it if the others are there. Then he'll come."

"And John will never do it."

Ken can smile at his dad's comparisons. The smile derives from the impression, shared by all the Brett brothers, that their father has changed. "Sometimes I think he's a little narrow," Ken says, "but he's getting better. Now you can argue with him a little bit." "He's really mellowed out," George admits. "I don't know what made him change so much."

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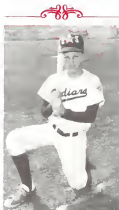
continues

Possibly the divorce. Maybe my success had something to do with it."

Jack sees it as a natural cycle common to families. "When they get to be 14 or 15, kids think their parents are terrible," he says. "They love them, but they wish their parents wouldn't do the things they do, like try to make them study or yell at them when the report card comes home. But as they grow older..." —he sighs—"I think they come back to the parents again. When they really become adults, then they come back to the family." That philosophy, he says, sustains him now that his children are grown, their glories captured in his overflowing scrapbooks. He doesn't feel a deep hurt, he says, at the sometimes jaundiced eye with which they remember his iron hand, he doesn't begrudge them their independence. "There'll always be a closeness," he says. "I really believe that the parent shouldn't intrude on the children's lives. Naturally, I wish they'd call me up every day, but I don't call my mother every day, so I understand." His voice turns wistful again. "I'm glad to be around them. I enjoy just standing there and looking at them. Not only from pride, but the closeness and the love. I've been to parties and they'll be sitting down, the four of them, laughing and talking and having a great time. And I'll just stand off 10 feet and look at them and just say, 'Isn't that great that they're such good friends?' But to go over and try to join in with them..." His voice trails off.

There is one Brett son who might understand the emotional pulling and tugging a father feels, especially a father like Jack. John is the only brother to have a boy of his own. When his son Kemer, a 13-year-old who plays in Pony League, struck out four times in a game early this summer, John admits he was beside himself. "I wanted to shoot him!" he says, laughing. "When I was growing up, I struck out four times, and it was rough. But here's my little kid doing it. He's taking shots right down the middle! I'm going, 'I don't believe it! He's been around baseball all his life!' And he's saying, 'Well, the umpire was lousy.' I said, 'Kemer, if the umpire was lousy, then you've got to swing at the bad pitches!'"

"Then I'm watching TV on Sunday night, reading the sports pages before dinner, and I'm saying—John's voice drops to an embarrassed hush—"You know, I sound just like my damn dad!"



Bobby (above) was a Little League catcher. Kemer played first and shortstop and pitched.



I could see my kid resenting it. So I went out and said, 'Hey, Kemer, look... I just want you to do the best you can. I don't want you looking like a jerk out there.'"

To an outsider, the words sound more like an explanation than an apology, but John sensed that he had revealed a truth that his son would understand someday, if not now.

I think that's the way my dad was," John says.

It is early February, 1981. They are playing again, as in childhood, at Reece Park. The red light still blinks atop the water tower; the refinery stacks are lit up as if there's a carnival going on. Kids chase each other around the Little League field, and jets roar overhead. Every February several thousand neighbors and friends (and fans) pack the bleachers and press against the chain-link fence that surrounds the outfield.

George plays for the team of the '70s, with McGregor. Ken plays for the team of the '60s, with brother Bobby. The General, as player-manager John, again the outsider, is at work. Many of the players are heavy-bellied and slow, but they perform with joy and abandon. "Jim Obradovich's dad umpired," Coach Stevenson says. "George went after him after one call, nose-to-nose, like Earl Weaver. Everybody loved it."

Youth prevails. The '70s win the game 9-8, with George batting "five guys out of turn" in the final inning to assure victory. But the star is Kemer, who has hit two home runs off McGregor. "I hit two in every all-star game," Ken says. "It's getting to be automatic."

George, too, has homered, a blast. McGregor jokes that "almost took out a row of trees in centerfield." But it's not quite like the major leagues, where George's exploits earn him silver bats and Player of the Year trophies. This is home. "Kemer deserved the MVP," George acknowledges. "My brother Bobby deserved The Worst Manager. He took my brother out too soon."

The needling of Bobby is deserved. George almost sputters as he describes the fraternal treachery. "Bobby wanted to show me up. Or Kemer. He intentionally walked a right-handed hitter to face me with the bases loaded. Then"—he laughs—"he brings Kemer in to pitch to me."

How many managers had played the percentages the other way in Brett's 390 season? How many had said, like Detroit Manager Sparky Anderson, "Brett will never beat me. He'll get walked?"

"What really annoyed me," George says mischievously, "is that all the people were rooting for Kemer!" He shakes his head. "He's still bigger than me in El Segundo."

George grounded out.

END



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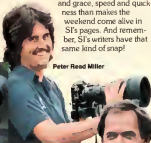


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Walter Ioss Jr.

Sports Illustrated

VIEWPOINT

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

COUPLING SPORT AND LEGISLATION IS A LITTLE BIT LIKE MIXING OIL AND WATER

I distrust congressional involvement in sport on practical grounds: Whenever legislators get involved, progress seems to suffer. I distrust even more the subcommittee hearings that are held every now and again, because they consistently reveal to me how little Congress knows about what's going on. And that's depressing.

Unfortunately, such hearings have become commonplace on Capitol Hill and they all follow the same wretched format: A bill is pushed by a certain legislator, then various aides—working for the subcommittee—gather witnesses who are asked to prepare statements to be read before the hearing, presumably to help enlighten the subcommittee.

The main idea of all this paper work is to ferret out sins and sponsor meaningful change. I imagine this system could work if the panel members consistently did their homework and knew precisely what to ask the witnesses. But it has been my experience that they seldom do. Their questions are often naive, repetitious and bloated with rhetoric. They belabor the obvious. They intimidate weak witnesses. And they frequently do not give those testifying their full attention.

At the ill-advised hearings on the NCAA in 1978, and the recent consideration of Representative Ron Mott's (D-Ohio) Sports Violence bill by the House Judiciary Subcommittee on criminal justice, both of which I attended, it seemed to me that the panel was almost always out in force for the star witnesses, who figured to get media attention. But when it came to the lesser lights, the dais looked as though it had been hit by a killer virus. Isn't it incumbent on Congressmen to listen once they have summoned their constituents to testify on a public issue?

The NCAA hearings were a predictable cacophony of confused testimony and did neither the Congress nor the NCAA much good. I would have gladly passed up the subsequent violence hearings last May 19 but I was asked to tes-

tify, and there is something about a call from Capitol Hill that makes a fellow want to contribute what he can.

The Sports Violence bill, HR 2263, in its original form, would have provided penalties—a fine of not more than \$5,000, imprisonment of not more than a year, or both—for the use of "excessive physical force" in professional sports events. As it was written, the bill was ambiguous, hopelessly one-sided and posed more questions than it answered.

My own convictions on the issue have already been aired in this magazine (Aug. 14, 1978 et seq.). Brutal tactics led to an epidemic injury rate in football, and the ripple effect in other sports (pro hockey, pro basketball) has been well documented. Although I deplore governmental intrusions, my prepared statement said that any exposure "to some of the mindless acts of violence that have perverted the good name of sport" can only help effect "a greater self-examination of the true goals and values of those responsible for it"—meaning the administrators and coaches of the various teams and leagues, not the players. A key point.



I spent three evenings preparing my statement. I hoped to alert the subcommittee to the main issues: how all of sport is injured when those at the top, who set examples, set violent ones; how win-at-any-cost ethics encourage a climate for violence that filters down to the youngest athletes; how more is at stake than just the legal recourse available to an injured party.

My appearance was scheduled near the end of a session, so I was able to listen while others testified. It was late afternoon, and most of the subcommittee had vanished. Jim Korn, a defenseman for the Detroit Red Wings, was called. The subcommittee chairman, Representative John Conyers Jr. (D-Mich.), took the lead in examining him. Conyers was able to wring from Korn the startling confession that pro hockey is a violent game. Conyers acted stunned, however, over Korn's further admission that pro teams hire "enforcers" to intimidate opponents. For what seemed like hours, Conyers conjured up images of good enforcers and bad enforcers and he proved that a 52-year-old U.S. Congressman is better with words than a 23-year-old hockey player.

Then Korn made a remark that the

subcommittee should have hopped all over. Korn said he never got into fights at the amateur levels of hockey; he said he never even saw one in the Olympic Games. Why not? Because if you go outside the rules to hurt another player in the amateurs, he said, you get ejected—kicked out of the game—and maybe out of future games as well.

I tried to enlarge on Korn's point when I took the witness chair. I was not asked to read my 10-page statement; it was entered into the record by Conyers, and I assumed that the subcommittee had already examined it. So I pointed out that what Korn's testimony had done was to place the entire blame for the violence in professional sports on the players, when the problem is an orchestrated kind of violence that implicates the entire structure of a pro sport.

Mott's bill would penalize only players, however. Not the coaches who encourage borderline (and over-the-line) techniques and intimidation; not the administrators and team owners who condone the acts and profit from them; not the game officials whose action, or inaction, can allow the bad behavior to escalate. All are just as guilty as the offending athlete. It is the climate of violence that must be dealt with, and HR 2263 is totally inadequate for that task. But Congress need not concern itself, I said, because the exorcists were already on the job. They are called lawyers and they are becoming more and more interested in cases of violence in sport. And they are not just singling out athletes. The lawyers represent clients who are suing coaches and schools, administrators and equipment manufacturers.

And what about television? Would Congress hold television responsible for capitalizing on the violence and for immortalizing it on instant replay?

During my questioning it became obvious to me that Conyers had not read my statement. Afterward, Assistant Counsel Ernest McIntosh told me that although Conyers hadn't had time to get to it before I testified, he certainly intended to read it as soon as he could.

Representative Mott considered my objections and asked if I would support the bill if it were rewritten. He said he realized it was imperfect and would be amended. I said I didn't know, that I'd have to see the revision. But the more I think about it, the more I think Congress should just forget the whole thing. **END**



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

HANNAH & CO.

Sir,

Once again Paul Zimmerman has shown that he has few—if any—equals when it comes to writing about pro football. The extent of his knowledge and research was very evident in his article on John Hannah (*John Hannah Doesn't Fiddle Around*, Aug. 3). I consider myself lucky to have seen the likes of Al Wistert, Bob St. Clair, Dick Stanfel, etc. I only wish younger pro football fans could have seen them in order to have some meaningful yardstick by which to measure Hannah's greatness as an offensive lineman.

JIM CAMPBELL
Research Editor
National Football League Properties, Inc.
Los Angeles

Sir,

A guard on the cover. I love it! If John Hannah can do for the Patriots this year what he's done in the past, skeptics will believe he's "the best offensive lineman of all time."

ROY MAINVILLE
Holyoke, Mass.

Sir,

It is presumptuous and minute of you to name a "best offensive lineman of all time." It's presumptuous because you simply can't single out one man from the thousands who have played in different times, under different rules and in the different positions of tackle, guard and center. It's minute because you didn't pick Bob Brown as the best.

SAM SIMON
Santa Monica, Calif.

Sir,

John Hannah as the best offensive lineman of all time? Not until he beats out Dan Dierdorf of the Cardinals.

ANDY PETRAGLIA
Cahoon, Ill.

Sir,

Jack Stroud, the great Gator guard of the '50s and '60s, was one of the best offensive linemen of all time. And Bob Brown was in a class by himself. I can remember Brown playing shortly after knee surgery in 1971. He had to limp to the line of scrimmage and still was good. When healthy he was the most devastating player of his era.

STEVE BIGNER
Rivert Vale, N.J.

Sir,

My impression after reading your article on Houston's Bob Young (*Stuff Going Strong*, Nov. 17) was that he surely must be the best offensive guard in history. You quoted Jim Hanftan, head coach of the Cards, as saying, "There is absolutely no question in my mind

that he's the greatest offensive guard ever to play the game."

JEFF NURENBURG
Pewamo, Mich.

Sir,

Other than Jerry Kramer, there has never been a better pulling guard than Miami's Larry Little. He had grace, agility and speed as he opened great holes for the likes of Larry Csonka and Mercury Morris. If ever there was a consummate offensive lineman, Larry Little was it.

RANDOLPH BRACY JR.
Webster, N.Y.

Sir,

Ron Yary, a 6'6", 255-pound USC All-American, is in his 14th season with the Minnesota Vikings. He has played in seven Pro Bowl games, is rarely injured, always stays in shape and just keeps on firing out or blocking down and destroying the defense.

CHUCK COULTER
Minneapolis

Sir,

Pittsburgh's Jon Kolb once handled Lyle Alzado, Elvin Bethea and Harvey Martin in successive playoff games. This should have earned Kolb at least an honorable mention.

SCOTT CLEAVER
Albion, Pa.

MOORE ON CAULKINS

Sir,

If I read nothing else in your magazine, I would maintain my subscription so I wouldn't miss a single article by Kenny Moore. Whatever the assignment, Moore brings to it a poet's grace. His subjects, sensing the meaning of training from firsthand experience, reveal themselves in ways ordinary journalists are rarely able to grasp.

The article on Tracy Caulkins (*Search for Sniff Water*, Aug. 3) is only the latest example of Moore's gifts. The next time I imagine swimming to be a sport of drudges, I will think instead of Moby-Dick and Ishmael and that wonderful squeezing of hands.

ROBERT C. NEWMAN
Brooklyn

Sir,

Kenny Moore's article did more than describe the true nature of the sport of competitive swimming. It captured the essence of a wonderful female athlete and the environment that makes her special. SI continues to prove that there is more to sports than the comparatively minuscule amount of time spent in the arena.

BILL DUNCAN
Evansville, Ill.

Sir,

Kenny Moore's music analogy is partly flawed: Football may be Wagner and swimming Brahms, but, rather than Gershwin, basketball is pure Charlie Parker.

JAY BURN
Redlands, Calif.

GOODMAN ON BASEBALL

Sir,

I take exception to your citing Boston Globe syndicated columnist Ellen Goodman's remarks regarding the now-concluded baseball strike to the effect that having baseball, rather than drawn-out baseball labor negotiations, is the lesser of two evils (*SCORECARD*, Aug. 3). I object to her insinuating that baseball is boring. On the contrary, baseball is so stimulating that it has inspired more great writing by our most talented sportswriters, novelists and poets than any other sport.

What is galling, however, is the fact that I was subjected to Goodman's opinion in your magazine. Don't you realize whom you quoted? Permit me to point out that Goodman once wrote an essay, "Knitting Up the Ravaged Sleep of Cure," for the *Globe* that celebrated sleeping as one of life's great pastimes. In that essay Goodman wrote: "I am, you might have guessed, one of the world's happy sleepers. I look forward to falling into that state with the sense of abandon that others reserve for a plunge into the communal baths of Plato's Retreat."

Goodman is one of the world's self-proclaimed greatest sleepers, and you find her shallow comments on baseball of interest? Please be more discriminating in the future. Try to find somebody to quote who can stay awake long enough to appreciate baseball and give it its due.

MIKE SHANNON
Editor
Sputnik poetry magazine
Covington, Ky.

THE SPRINGBOK TOUR

Sir,

I'd like to clear up some misconceptions created by your *SCORECARD* item (Aug. 3) on the tour of the U.S. by the Springboks, a South African rugby team.

First, although the Springboks are composed of the best players in South Africa and could thus be called a "national" team, neither the Springboks nor any other South African rugby team has any connection with the South African government. Rugby in South Africa, as in most other rugby-playing countries (with exceptions such as the U.S.S.R. and Romania), is controlled by independent, amateur, non-government sports

continued

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bodies. South African teams do not receive government aid. They play in stadiums and on fields owned by the individual clubs or provincial rugby unions and finance their tours abroad with gate receipts and other fund-raising endeavors.

What's the difference between independent South African sportsmen like golf's Gary Player, tennis' Johan Kriek, boxing's Gerrie Coetzee or track's Sydney Marce, the U.S. 1,500-meter champion, competing in the U.S. and a team of independent, non-government-controlled sportsmen playing here under the Springbok banner? In fact, this current Springbok team has a "colored" [like South African term for a person of mixed race] player and a "colored" administrator, in direct opposition to the apartheid policy of South Africa's present government.

What right do political activists have to deprive U.S. players and fans of the all too infrequent opportunity to compete against the world's best rugby team? Isn't this a violation of our civil rights? Because we are a relatively young rugby country—our national union, the USARFU, was only formed in 1975—and receive no government support, we are not yet able to generate the funds to go on once-or-twice-yearly tours as the more established countries do. The Springbok tour is extremely important to the growth and development of U.S. rugby. The honor of being selected a member of the U.S. national team and playing against the world's best is the only incentive we can offer our top players. Eliminating this opportunity to compete against the best, as was done to U.S. Olympians in 1980, can cause irreparable harm.

You claim that the Springbok tour could cause black African nations to boycott the 1984 Olympics. If a U.S. tour by a South African team is the premise, then those nations could have announced their boycott a long time ago, because during the past year at least three South African teams—the Mbombas (an all-black side), Hamilton and the Pretoria Horlequins—have toured the U.S.

In addition, during the past 18 months "national" teams composed of the top players from Ireland, Great Britain, France and Argentina toured South Africa and played the Springboks. Touring South Africa is the same "crime" New Zealand committed in 1976, causing the black African nations to boycott the Montreal Olympics.

Finally, a report in New Zealand's *Rugby News* stated that in the 12-month period ending Aug. 31, 1980 teams from the following 29 countries and territories visited South Africa to compete in "national-level" events in 44 sports categories: Rhodesia (Zimbabwe), the U.S., Japan, Portugal, Belgium, Italy, West Germany, Switzerland, Ireland, England, Transkei, France, Spain, The Netherlands, Australia, Canada, Scotland, Sweden, Argentina, Norway, Denmark, the British Isles, Venezuela, Luxembourg, Austria, New

Zealand, Curaçao, Puerto Rico and the British Virgin Islands.

What's really puzzling about the mixture of sport and politics, however, is its arbitrary nature—its selective morality. Games between U.S. and South African rugby sides draw severe criticism and veiled threats of disruptions and violence from political activists, but the frequent sporting contact between U.S. national teams and state supported teams from the Soviet Union are ignored by the activists and given 60-point headlines by the media. The same people who rightly decry South Africa's apartheid system turn a blind eye to the stranglehold Russia has on countries like Hungary, Poland and Afghanistan. Also confusing is the ability of certain sectors of our society, such as the gold and diamond markets and strategic metal industries, to openly interact with South Africa with little or no criticism, while political activists choose to bully a non-profit amateur sporting group like rugby. It somehow seems that if money is to be made, anything goes.

As I write this, Frank Sinatra is on a singing tour of South Africa. South African heavyweight contender Gerrie Coetzee is getting ready to fight Remaldo Snipes in Westchester, N.Y., and Miss South Africa has just recently competed in the Miss Universe contest in New York, in which South Africa's Margaret Gardiner, Miss Universe 1978, served as a commentator. Why, then, is rugby an issue?

We are of the opinion that politics has no place in sport.

ED HAGERTY
Editor
Rugby
New York City

• Last week New York Mayor Edward I. Koch canceled the Springbok game scheduled for that city next month.—ED

BOYER'S TOUR

Sir,

Your article on American cyclist Jonathan (Jacques) Boyer (*The Biggest Breakaway*, June 29) really piqued my interest in that sport. But how come your follow-up item in *For The Record* (July 27) told us only that his French teammate, Bernard Hinault, won the Tour de France and Lucien Van Impe of Belgium was second? Boyer's name was nowhere to be found. Did he finish? In what place? Or is he still out on the course?

BARRY ULRICH
Claremont, Calif.

• Boyer was 32nd overall, 59 minutes and 21 seconds behind Hinault.—ED

CLEMENTS' "ALTERNATIVA"

Sir,

In his article on David Reik (*E! Texano Comes of Age*, July 6) Barnaby Conrad III quotes Pepe Luis Vazquez as "remembering well" my *alternativa* in Juarez. Vazquez says

that he killed one bull for Sidney Franklin, after Franklin was gored, and one for me that I could not kill. Allow me to set the record straight.

On May 3, 1959, I fought as a novillero on the same card as Franklin and Vazquez. Sidney killed his first bull and cut an ear. As he was removing the sword from his second bull, he was goaded seriously but the bull died nearly instantly. Vazquez did an outstanding job under brutal wind conditions and cut ears on both his bulls. I killed both my animals after the senior matadors had performed and received a turn around the ring for a truly mediocre fight, but both bulls were killed with a single thrust.

A month later, Franklin fought with me in Reynosa, and then he gave me the *alternativa* in Tijuana on Aug. 30, 1959, with Jaime Bolanos and Charrn Gomez as witnesses. This is all well documented.

Franklin was a good fighter and had some fantastic afternoons. He is dead. Conrad should let it go at that. However, I congratulate Conrad for giving John Fulton some much deserved acclaim. Fulton has had more unwarranted cruelty bestowed upon him by the press for more years than any other living creature.

BARON CLEMENTS
Houston

MOTHER NATURE

Sir,

Apparently readers Gary Phillips and Jeff Kinley (19th Hole, Aug. 3), who asked, "What in the world does Mount St. Helens have to do with sports?", have been reading magazines and watching television for so long they have forgotten that nature is the inspiration behind the love of sports that is installed in most of us. I, for one, was happy to see the new breath of life awakening on Mount St. Helens, and glad to see that SI covered it. I'm sure that hikers, mountain climbers, skiers, canoeists and other sportsmen were moved by the sight of a tiny flower defying the devastation around it.

We can better appreciate the wide spectrum of sports if we can realize that the sheer wonder of an athlete in action is a precious gift from nature. Swiftness and agility are not man-made.

I believe that a true athlete is in tune with nature and that he has great respect for his body and an appreciation for the earth that supports his life. It saddens me to see that some of the fans of great athletes do not share the same values.

DONNA PLECCO
Great Barrington, Mass.

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